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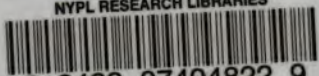
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To

John M. Robertson Esq. M.P.

With the authors kind

Regards -

30th June 1911.

NCM
Waddington.

COLLECTED POEMS

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THE COLLECTED POEMS

OF

SAMUEL WADDINGTON

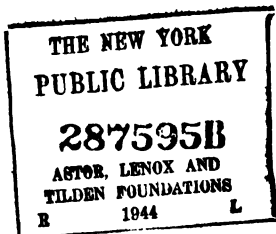
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TO
The Memory
OF
Arthur Hugh Clough

Blackwell 2 Aug 1944

PREFATORY NOTE.

SEVERAL of the poems included in this volume, as, for instance, that entitled 'Lux Naturae' and the lines at page 194, have not been previously published. A few of the sonnets have appeared in the 'Westminster Gazette,' and the stanzas on 'A Pipe of Carved Olive-Wood,' and the sonnet 'To Truth, the Saviour,' were printed in 'Literature.'

The other poems and sonnets have been selected from the author's three preceding volumes.

If it should be urged therefore that these are his 'selected' rather than 'collected' poems, it may be stated in reply that the contents are here collected together from various sources, although the volume does not contain all the author's compositions in verse. The sonnet entitled 'Beata Beatrix,' which was originally written for the Beatrice Exhibition at Florence in 1890,

has recently been included in Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's 'Victorian Anthology,' and that named 'Rosa Mariae' in Mr. Orby Shipley's 'Carmina Mariana.'

The sonnet 'From Night to Night,' which first appeared in the 'Academy,' and was afterwards quoted *in extenso* in the 'Athenaeum,' was subsequently included in Mr. William Sharp's sonnet-anthology, in Mr. Miles's 'Poets and Poetry of the Century,' and in various other works. The rondeau on 'The Coquette' was reprinted in Mr. Davenport Adams's 'Latter-Day Lyrics' and in Mr. Gleeson White's 'Ballades and Rondeaux,' and the sonnet 'Literature and Nature' was included in Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Ballads of Books.' The verses entitled 'The Lost Cipher' were amongst those selected by Dr. Forshaw for his 'Gems of Poesy,' published in the spring of the present year, and the roundel 'Mors et Vita' was printed by Professor Raymond in his 'Genesis of Art-Form.' The sonnet to the River Wharfe ('My Native Stream') was recently reprinted in Mr. Speight's very able and interesting work on 'Lower Wharfedale.'

47, Connaught Street,
Hyde Park, W.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Poesia	I
Sonnet to W. J. H.	5
The Land of Dream	6
'The Spring comes softly from the South beguiled' . . .	7
A Pipe of Carved Olive-Wood	8
'Is there light upon the uplands'	11
The Lost Cipher	14
The Infinite	16
To Victory	18
On the Heights	23

SONNETS OF THE SANCTUARY:

1. To Truth, the Saviour	29
2. To a Sister of Mercy	30
3. St. Francis of Assisi	31
4. Refugium Peccatorum	32
5. What Gospel?	33
6. Self-Sacrifice	34
7. 'They will not part or pass'	35
8. Faith and Love	36
9. 'Christ is not dead'	37
10. The Battle of Belief. I.	38
11. II.	39
12. The Beaten Track	40

	PAGE
13. 'Great is thy gain'	41
14. The Quest	42
15. The New Light	43
16. The Penitent	44
Mors et Vita	47
Man	48
Sister Ursula	49
In Memoriam J. A. N.	53
North Wales	54
Rest	55
'And wouldst thou still more beauteous be'	56
Morning	57
The Inn of Care	58
A Homily	60
The Catacomb of St. Callixtus	61
The Bat	63
The Aldebaran Spirit	67
Prince Lucifer	68
The Pedlar's 'Apologia'	69
Moirá	72
Giuseppina	78
Beata Beatrix	79
Baden-Baden	80
Calabria	82
The Song of the Sirens	84
 SONNETS OF LOVE'S-BOWER:	
1. The New Dawn	87
2. Sweet-heart	88
3. Beauty and Duty	89

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
4. The Aftermath	90
5. After Long Years	91
6. Through the Night-Watches	92
7. Love-Memories	93
8. Late Fruit	94
9. A Home in Hampshire	95
10. The Neophyte	96
'If thou wert true as thou art fair'	99
The Coquette	101
Madrigal	102
Amoris Integratio	104
Stanzas composed at Voiron	105
'Fairer than the fields of Enna'	108
'O blithe the day'	109
Eternity	110
The Church at Ferney	111
Nemi	112
Usque ad Finem	115
'One with Another'	116
Man's Immortality	118
A Poem for Penelope	119
The Mawddach	120
The Road to Macugnaga	123
The Triumph of Life	130
Lux Naturae	134
The Human Mind	140
SONNETS OF NATURE AND LIFE:	
1. Nature's Voices	143
2. Helvellyn	144

	PAGE
3. Itinerants	145
4. Krakatoa	146
5. The Old Homestead	147
6. My Native Stream	148
7. Night-fall	149
8. Dort	150
9. In the Piazza di S. Marco	151
10. Château Freyr	152
11. Soul and Body	153
12. Almond-Blossom	154
13. 'From Night to Night'	155
14. Wood-Wanderings. I.	156
15. II.	157
16. Gipsies, near Dolgelly	158
17. Ad Matrem	159
18. To One in Town	160
19. The Romani Tribe	161
20. A Metaphysic 'Cul-de-sac'	162
21. The Gardens of Nereus	163
22. Laleham	164
23. Literature and Nature	165
24. Human	166
25. Rosa Mariae	167
26. Giordano Bruno	168
27. The Cabinet	169
28. On the Summit	170
29. In the Woods of Sweet Chestnut	171
30. To-Day	172
31. The Solitary	173
32. Nantglyn	174
33. What Hope is Thine?	175

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
34. A Gipsy Girl	176
35. Worship	177
36. Genesis	178
37. Nature	179
38. Liberty	180
39. In Transitu	181
40. Memorials of Travel	182
41. Le Sappey	183
42. A Persian Apologue	184
43. Daisy	185
44. The House of Life	186
45. The Portal	187
46. Religio Laici	188
 The City of God	 191
'O Birds, O Happy Birds'	194
Finite and Infinite	197
The Paradise of Song	199
La Fontaine d'Amour	201
'Love comes no more'	205
Dii	207
Lines written by Rydal Water	208
Napoli	209
In the Champs Elysées	212
Omnia Somnia	215
The New Epiphany	217
Giotto's Tower	220
The Foes at Home	221
La Constante Speranza	222
From Leonardo da Vinci	223
Sonnet by Raphael	224

	PAGE
L'Amour Fugitif	225
From Hugo Hollandius	226
Sirmio	227
The Watermamma	228
Notes	229

COLLECTED POEMS

POESIA.

‘Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἡ πίτυς, αἰπολε, τήνα,
 Ἀ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαῖσι μελίσδεται.

THEOC.

STILL hovers round life's stormy sea
 The deathless soul of Poesy,
 And still it lingering loves to brood
 'Mid many a mountain solitude ;
 By some dim gorge's hid retreat
 It rests where crag and torrent meet,
 Far from the hapless haunts of men,
 By rock-strewn ghyll, or mossy glen ;
 A message yet it hath for thee,—
 List, poet, listen reverently !

I.

Dream-winged wanderer, with me fly,
 I will lift thy soul on high ;
 In the morning and by night
 Thou shalt dwell in holiest light :

B

NYPL

Where the quiring minstrels roam,
'Neath the sky's encircling dome,
Visions such as angels love
Shall thine inmost spirit move,—
Shall the new Light's mystic rose
To thy fearless eyes disclose,
Watching from some dewy lawn
Sacred heralds of the dawn
Glance across thy garden-way.

II.

Fleet fore-runner of the day,
On the upland breezes borne,
Let thy song salute the morn ;
Let thy thrilling strain be heard
Like the wild notes of a bird,
Waking all the forest dim
With melodious matin-hymn ;
Let thy voice, now night is fled,
To the faery Fount be wed,
Casting round in jewelled spray
Carols of the new-born day,—
Fount of song ! that, light of heart,

When the dusky clouds depart
Flings its rapture to the skies.

III.

Higher yet, and yet arise
Higher than the falcon flies !
O'er the ancient narrow scope
Rising to Life's higher hope,
Let thy silvery pinions shine
High above the olden line ;
Let thy spirit long to be
Truth-enfranchised, and set free
From past error's tyranny ;
From grim visions and uncouth,
From the whisperings of untruth ;
Dreams that mock and trick the soul
And man's sorrowing heart cajole
With what is not, nor shall be,
Hallowed by veracity.
To such mansions in the air
Be thy rhymes no rhythmic stair ;
But the happier task be thine
Here to build a holy shrine,

Where 'mid fairest flowers divine
Love his sheltering arms may twine
Round the weary hearts that pray,
Waiting, watching, for the day.

IV.

'Tis the morn ! in wild affright
Terror trembling takes to flight ;
With the cohorts of the night
Now the shadows backward flee ;
Now each heart keeps jubilee ;
Morning breaks on Hebron now,—
Poet, speak, why waitest thou ?
'Mid the revellers in the inn
Play not thou the harlequin ;
Raise thy voice above the din ;
Let the sacrifice begin !
On Truth's altar cast thy pride,
Lay thy mummer's mask aside ;
With thy heart revealed and bare,
Fearless in the sunlit air,
Poet, from thy liliated lawn,
Greet the light, proclaim the dawn.

SONNET TO W. J. H.

A CHILD of Song went forth to roam
Amid the golden dells of rhyme :
Above him gleamed an azure dome,—
He heard the choric voices chime
From age to age across the foam
And breakers on the shores of Time :
He strove the upward paths to climb ;
Then turned and idly wandered home.

Oh, he had gathered wondrous flowers
From faery nooks and wayside bowers ;
Oh, he had made a garland meet
To crown the best that he might see,—
He lays it gladly at thy feet,
And gives this offering unto thee.

THE LAND OF DREAM.

TO PYRRHO.

WOULDST thou, Pyrrho, linger where
Lotus-blossom scents the air ;
Wouldst thou thro' weird forests wander
Where the frolic fairies dwell,
And the mazy streams meander
Round the beds of asphodel ;
Wouldst thou soar to realms of Love
'Mid the starry worlds above ;
Or, still fairer to thy mind,
Wouldst thou Truth's hid temple find ;—
Then, dear Pyrrho, as we deem,
Thou must seek the Land of Dream.

*'THE SPRING COMES SOFTLY FROM
THE SOUTH BEGUILLED.'*

THE Spring comes softly from the South beguiled,
 Bearing a garland for my Love to wear ;
Laughing he cometh like a little child
 That joys to find a world so passing fair :
 With heather-bells and kingcups everywhere,
And honeysuckle clusters,—he hath piled
 The sweet thyme budding on the mountains bare,
The fragrant meadow-blossom undefiled.

And I go singing on the uplands wild,
 So blithely singing in the morning air,—
The Spring comes softly from the South beguiled
 Bearing a garland for my Love to wear.

A PIPE OF CARVED OLIVE-WOOD.

I.

WITH flowers chased and filigree
Of leaves around the bowl and stem,
Across the seas 'twas brought for me
A present from Jerusalem ;
Now on my mantle-shelf it lies,
The alien child of orient skies.

II.

Haply in Kedron's rocky dell,
Ere Saladin the host o'erthrew,
By steep Siloam's limpid well
This olive-wood erst drank the dew ;
Or in far days that men forget
It graced, perchance, Mount Olivet.

III.

Nay, where the oaks of Mamre gleam
Down that wide glen where Hebron lies,
And of past glory loves to dream
As from its tower the daylight dies,
There haply Rachel plucked the fruit
Where spread this olive's parent root.

IV.

When from the carven bowl arise
Thick clouds of incense round my head,
Strange visions mount before mine eyes—
A resurrection of the dead—
Of dynasties long past and gone,
Of empires lost and victories won.

V.

I see the creeds and systems pass
That shaped the world in years of yore ;
They meet my gaze as in a glass,
They go, and they return no more ;
Crude phantasms of the human mind
That thro' dark ages ruled mankind.

VI.

O antique world, so calm, so still !
What Pyramids of hope and fear
'Twas thine to build with wizard skill
While mute the Sphinx sat watching near,
And Life and Death remained for thee
A dark, an unsolved mystery.

VII.

Not Caesar and not Pharaoh now
In Egypt, or in Rome, abide ;
Gone, gone for ever from each brow
The conqueror's wreath, the victor's pride !
Yet still the Night brings back the dawn
To heath-clad hill and dewy lawn.

VIII.

And children where the lilies blow
Are blithe amid the buds of May ;
And still the Hebrew maidens go
With fisher-lads at close of day
Where gnarled olives glimmer yet
By Jordan and Gennesaret.

'IS THERE LIGHT UPON THE UPLANDS?'

Is there light upon the uplands, breaks the dawn along
the sea,—

Do the buds of promise blossom, is it well with thee and
me?

What the herald prophets whisper doth the crowd with
welcome greet,

Do the echoes of the mountains still their hallowed
truths repeat?

Stars that shoot across the darkness vanish where we
may not see;

And if still the darkness linger, what, O soul, is that to
thee?

Though the creeds of Folly fail not, though the lamp of
Truth burns low,

Though here still upon our altar loom the shades of long
ago,—

Yet the day is waxing stronger, clearer light is shed
around ;

And with garlands of new worship soon Endeavour shall
be crowned.

Though the waves that shoreward hasten vanish back
into the sea,

Yet the flowing tide advances, and 'tis well with thee and
me.

Fairer than the night of sorrow, hours of dolour un-
defined,

Comes the dawn of matin gladness bringing sunshine to
the mind :

Fairer than the dream of Eden and the human-race con-
demned,

Is the gospel of Good-service, and all men by Man
reclaimed :

Fairer than the suplicants kneeling, and the cries to
heaven above,

Are the brave heart's honest Labour and the creed of
Human Love :

'Mid the shadows though we wandered, phantom shadows
of the brain,
Now earth's 'Jubilate' soundeth, and our hearts are glad
again :

For we know that joy abideth with the soul that still is
true,
And all men shall reap their harvest, every man shall
have his due.

THE LOST CIPHER.

THE Night her occult manuscript
 Unrolls along the sky,
 And with her mystic words equipt
 The racing winds rush by ;
 They bear her message,—what is it ?
 Go, ask the winds what she hath writ.

The radiant Morn once more returns,
 Once more the golden dawn
 Illumes the scroll each eye discerns
 On meadow-land and lawn ;
 Each flower a word dropt from above,—
 What is the message,—is it Love ?

Yet shalt thou see ere sets the day
 And all its splendours pass,
 The hawk descending on its prey,
 The adder in the grass ;

Far off the thunder muttereth,—
What is the message,—is it Death?

O Spirit of the Universe,
That hast been and shalt be,
Here still thy riddle we rehearse
Yet cannot find the key;
Lost is the cipher that we need
Who fain thy manuscript would read.

THE INFINITE.

I.

FAR off, and very far !
Beyond the crystal sea ;
Beyond the worlds that are
Unknown, or known to be ;
Beyond the pearly star ;
The clustering nebulae ;
Beyond dark gulphs we see
Where rolls no glittering car—
At last, at last, we come to thee,
The finite to Infinity !

II.

Ere yet, and evermore !
Before the day's delight ;
Before the dawn, before
Apollo in his might

Sped forth by sea and shore ;
And after many a night,
When all the Hours take flight,
Forth issuing from Death's door—
Behold, behold, in death's despite
Eternal looms the Infinite !

TO VICTORY!

(A MARCHING SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.)

'I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.'—*Swinburne*.

I.

COME ye, come soldiers brave and true,
 Fall in, and step together !
 Your flags unfurl—the bugles call—
 Come strong-souled warriors one and all ;
 The foemen linger round the wall,
 Yet still our song shall be,—
 To victory ! O victory !
 We march,—we march together !

II.

The far hills glisten with the dawn ;
 Fall in, and step together !
 The clouds dispart, they pass away ;
 O'er hearts long watching for the day
 Now knowledge sheds a clearer ray,

And still our song shall be,—
To victory ! O victory !
We march,—we march together !

III.

Ye priests and prophets famed of yore,
Fall in, and step together !
The hour of Discord now hath fled ;
Soon faiths unfaithful shall lie dead ;
The light is dawning overhead,
And still our song shall be,—
To victory ! O victory !
We march,—we march together !

IV.

To meadows rosy with the morn,—
Fall in, and step together !
To happier homes with eager heart
We march,—we take the Toiler's part ;
The Commonweal shall be our chart,
And still our song shall be,—
To victory ! O victory !
We march,—we march together !

V.

Ye statesmen, ye of factious strife,
Fall in, and step together !
Relieve the accidents of fate ;
Toil for no Party, but the State ;
For selfish aims your zeal abate ;
Then still our song shall be,—
To victory ! O victory !
We march,—we march together !

VI.

Where children pine and children weep,
Fall in, and step together !
Arise, O stalwart souls, and bring
Peace to the spirits sorrowing ;
Then shall your children's children sing,
And this their song shall be,—
To victory ! O victory !
We march,—we march together !

VII.

O mourners, now the night is past,
Fall in, and step together !

Let every man his Duty do ;
To all and to himself be true ;
Soon shall ye reap what is your due,
And still your song shall be,—
To victory ! O victory !
We march,—we march together !

VIII.

The New World crieth to the Old,
Fall in, and step together !
Ere bloody Anarchs raging come,
Ere mad Despair invade your home,
Let Christ reconquer Christendom ;
Then still your song shall be,—
To victory ! O victory !
We march,—we march together !

IX.

O Love reborn, O Life renewed,
Fall in, and step together !
With sprays of Mercy ever twined,
Let Justice in life's garland bind
Peace and goodwill to all mankind !

And still our song shall be,—
To victory! O victory!
We march,—we march together!

x.

Then come, ye soldiers brave and true,
Fall in, and step together!
Your flags unfurl—the bugles call—
Come, warriors, come—for one and all
Now Right with Might we will install,
And still our song shall be,—
To victory! O victory!
We march,—we march together!

ON THE HEIGHTS.

HERE where the heather blooms
 'Neath the blue skies,
Here let us rest awhile,
 What, if Time flies,—
Joy yet awaiteth us
 Ere the day dies.

See, how the pathway creeps
 Round the cliff-side ;
Serpent-like seemeth it
 Upward to glide ;
Here 'mid the heather long
 We will abide.

Nature, around us, lies
 Placid and still,—
Nature ! thy children, we
 Wait on thy will,

ON THE HEIGHTS.

Happy and silent here,
Here on thy hill.

Are we not part of thee,
Born of thee, thine?
Shall we not come to thee,—
Kneel at thy shrine?
Nature, we turn to thee,
Thou art divine!

Peace that is sweet to us,
Strife for its leaven,
Hate that is hell to us,
Love that is heaven,—
These for our good, we know,
Us hast thou given.

Self-love, a secret force
Goads us on ;
Sympathy holding us
Bound-fast in one,—
Creature to creature linked,
Father to son.

Hope in the morning, and
Strength at the noon ;
Rest in the eventide,
These are thy boon ;
Sleep, with the darkness, thou
Sendest, and soon !

Full well thou teachest us
Where'er we turn,
All that is meet for us
Earthborn to learn,—
From what is evil here
Good to discern.

This, too, we learn of thee,
This to be true,—
All things about us, both
Old things and new,
Pass, and the power of them
Fades as it grew.

While in the manifold
Births that unroll,

ON THE HEIGHTS.

Shaping the universe,
Breathes but one soul,—
One long existence,—one
Infinite whole.

SONNETS OF THE SANCTUARY.

TO TRUTH, THE SAVIOUR.

οἱ πρῶτα μὲν βλέποντες ἔβλεπον μάτην,
ελύοντες οὐκ ἤκουον ἄλλ' ὀνειράτων
ἀλίγκιοι μορφαῖσι, τὸν μάκρον χρόνον
ἔφῃρον εἰς ἡ πάντα.

ÆSCH.

ABOVE the primrose paths of Peace upborne
Now would thy servant mount and dwell with Thee,
O holiest and most pure ! 'Twere good to be
With Pyrrho watching by the gates of Morn ;—
Or with brave Bruno sound the bugle-horn,
Summoning the warriors of the host to free
The souls of men from that dread tyranny
Whose baneful bondage wastes the lives forlorn.
'Twere good to see forth issuing from thy throne
Thy shafts of Light come hurtling thro' the air,
Slaying the darkness, piercing to the core
The creeds of falsehood. This, and this alone,
Can save mankind. This only can repair
The ancient wrong, and our lost faith restore.

TO A SISTER OF MERCY.

THINE innocence shall be thy sanctuary,
And thy chaste heart thine own most holy ground :
No vain delusive hopes shall there abound,
Nor pride to its own image bend the knee.
Thine honour shall be thy humility ;
Yet to thy glory shall this praise redound,
Thy welfare in well-doing thou hast found,
And in life's crown of thorns a wreath for thee.
Thy shrine shall be thy tenderest sympathy,
Whereby God's mercy shall make manifest
Great miracles of healing all may see ;
And oh, as heaven shall be thy perfect rest,
For, blessing others, thou too shalt be blest,
And 'neath Love's sheltering roof thy home shall be.

ST. FRANCIS, OF ASSISI.

ON earth he walked, yet did in heaven dwell ;
With upturned gaze the upland paths he trod ;
He worshipped Nature, but he knelt to God,
Nor to the Angelic hosts bade long farewell :
His life was blameless as the lily's bell ;
The wrongful deed he smote with chastening rod ;
Around his feet, with mystic splendour shod,
The glory brightened ere the darkness fell.

Beloved of mortals ! thine immortal soul
Hearkened and heard above life's thunder-roll
The Spirit's quickening voice, ' Be good, be kind !'
Oh, blessed ye that hear, and ye that hearken,
Oh, blessed ye, if when death-shadows darken,
These words graved on your hearts we yet shall find.

REFUGIUM PECCATORUM.

Lo, wounded of the world and stricken of sin,
 Before the gate she comes at night's dread noon ;
 There on the path, with fallen flowers bestrewn,
She kneels in sorrow ere she enters in.
Lone and forlorn, with features wan and thin,
 A shadow crouching 'neath the shadowy moon,
 One gift she craves, one hopeless, hapless boon,—
'Thy pity, Lord, a breaking heart would win !'

Religion was the Refuge !—In distress
There might the sinner flee, the weary press ;
Haven where Sorrow 'mid the world's mad din
 Might kneel in silence, and sweet solace find !
 Refugium peccatorum—shall mankind
Lay waste the sinner's home, yet keep the sin ?

WHAT GOSPEL?

WHAT gospel, still, what gospel? Christ, yea, Christ!

Back to the shores of Galilee once more,

To the old lesson of love, the simple lore

Of peace and wisdom that the world sufficed.

Christ!—for He spake with pity, nor enticed

The broken-hearted to an empty store.

Christ!—for His words true balm and healing pour

In the world's wounds—the holy words of Christ!

What gospel, still, what gospel? Love, yea, love!

There is no heaven, and no hope but this;

No heritage of joy, no hallowed bliss

To wing the spirit to the realm above;

Oh, vain glad-tidings, and oh, little worth,

Unless our charity make glad the earth.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

WHAT though thine arm hath conquered in the fight,—
What though the vanquished yield unto thy sway,
Or riches garnered pave thy golden way,—
Not therefore hast thou gained the sovran height
Of man's nobility ! no halo's light
From these shall round thee shed its sacred ray ;
If these be all thy joy,—then, dark thy day,
And darker still thy swift, approaching night !

But if in thee more truly than in others
Hath dwelt love's charity ;—if by thine aid
Others have passed above thee, and if thou,
Though victor, yieldedst victory to thy brothers,
Though conquering conquered, and a vassal made,—
Then take thy crown, well mayst thou wear it now.

'THEY WILL NOT PART OR PASS.'

THEY will not part or pass ! These clouds that sweep
Around the sacred mount still hide from view
The Ever-Lasting and the Ever-True !
From earth they rose, to earth again they creep ;—
Owning their human birth the vapours weep ;
While Moses from the Mount descends anew,
Bids or forbids,—thou shalt or shalt not do,—
Seer, priest, or prophet,—great shepherd of the sheep !

And what, O Man, wouldst thou ? The cloud-wrapt peak
Is hid, forsooth, from thee,—but on the plain
Light gleams around thy dwelling. Wouldst thou seek
Lost in mid-air the phantoms of thy brain ?
Thy home is here, and here eternal reign
Forces unhidden, and powers that plainly speak.

FAITH AND LOVE.

BEYOND the clouds, beyond the encircling night,
Faith wanders fearless : Though the skies be dim,
She sees, far-off, the white-winged seraphim ;
With us she will not stay. 'To worlds more bright,'
She cries, 'I fain would pass ! this piteous sight
Of earth I love not ;—nay, with joyous hymn,
Through the void air I would ascend to Him,
Who reigns unseen, Supreme and Infinite.'

'Farewell, then, Sister ! yes,' Love sighs, 'farewell !
On earth, with these I love, will I abide :—
With these I love ! My children, 'mid the flowers,
And joys of life, contented will we dwell :
Join hands, be kind, be just, fear not dark hours ;
Though Faith be fled, yet Love shall be your guide.'

'CHRIST IS NOT DEAD.'

'CHRIST is not dead,'—So spake, in accents low,
He whom we loved,—the master, aged and sere :
He spake not loud, yet firm his voice and clear,
To speak whate'er he would that we should know.
'Christ is not dead,'—He spake, then paused as though
His words were mightier than such words appear
To him that hears them with a casual ear,
Nor stays to heed, but hastes where he would go.
'Christ is not dead,' and yet he paused once more,
While on his face a holy rapture shone,
As shines the sunlight on the peaceful shore
When all the storm of life is past and gone,—
'Christ is not dead, while in your hearts,' he cried,
'The lesson of his love doth still abide.'

THE BATTLE OF BELIEF.

I.

BLOW, blow, ye trumpets, blow ! sound an alarm !
Behold, upon the mountains, o'er the plain,
In serried troops they come, their squadrons swarm
Around your buttressed walls in fierce disdain :
O blow, ye trumpets, blow ! sound an alarm !
As surging waters from th' intrushing main,
Each wave a warrior with uplifted arm,
They sweep around your time-worn tottering fane :
Then blow, ye trumpets, blow ! sound an alarm !
Behold, they come, these cohorts of the Lord,
Armed with the spirit of Truthfulness more strong
Than steel to pierce past error's baneful wrong ;
Armed with the Truth more trenchant than a sword—
O blow, ye trumpets, blow ! sound an alarm !

II.

O PRIESTS and prelates, teachers proudly wise,
To you we turn, to you with trustful hearts
For light and life we come,—for clear-wrought charts
Of rock and shoal, and wreck-strown shore that lies
Around our track. To you, 'mid darkening skies,
We turn for guidance ere the black night parts
Brother from brother, or class-interest thwarts
Our peace and joy, our love that faints and dies.
With hearts that hunger, and with souls ill-fed,
To you for food we come, for living bread ;
No miracle we crave, we ask no sign ;
We ask for food, pure bread and wholesome wine ;
O give, we pray, O give us not instead
Those stony marvels from an ancient shrine.

THE BEATEN TRACK.

NAY, with no harshness name the simple soul
That still would cling to creeds that pass away ;
That from the beaten footpath fears to stray,
And shrinks from those who wider views unroll :
All see a part of Truth and none the whole !
If it sufficeth them, then, happy they,
Who on that beaten footpath still can stay,
And from all wandering their steps control.

As he who lingers in low, sheltered spaces,
Nor mounts to danger on the mountain-side,
In safety dwells where the still waters glide ;
So they in peace shall haunt life's hallowed places,
Whose steadfast hearts in one belief abide,—
Whose primal faith no tide of doubt effaces.

'GREAT IS THY GAIN.'

GREAT is thy gain, dear friend, to hold thy creed
Steadfast, unmoved, untroubled by the tide
Of alien doctrine flooding, far and wide,
The landmarks of the soul. Great gain, indeed,
This rock to cling to in the hour of need ;
This staff that in thine hand doth still abide ;
This star that through the darkness still shall guide
Thy steps that follow where its light doth lead.

Great is thy gain,—but oh, greater thy loss,
If to still higher truths it makes thee blind ;
If hiding, as a curtain drawn across,
Vast spaces infinite and undefined,
It leaves thee but one nook of narrow ground,
Where love is not, and wisdom is not found.

THE QUEST.

TRULY, it yet might be,—in yonder dell,
Or 'neath this granite cliff, so stern and grim ;
Or 'mid the meadows by some rillet's brim,
Haply we yet may find Him—who can tell !
Nay, though we find Him not by any spell,
Nor in the open, nor where woods are dim,
Surely, my friend, we shall be found of Him,
The One Omnipotent,—and all be well.

Behold, behold,—lift up thine eyes, and see,—
What is, and was, and hath for ever been,
Immutable through all Infinity ;—
Eternal Law supreme around is seen !
Is this the God of Science? 'Tis thine own !
Nature his kingdom is, and Truth his throne.

THE NEW LIGHT.

WHAT is the New Light, tell me, what is it—
This light that doth the orbs of night eclipse,
And while the old faith 'neath the horizon dips,
Brings back the Eternal and the Infinite?

What is the New Light, tell me, what is it—
That honoureth Duty, nor disdaineth Love,
And while its searching gaze all things would prove
Doth still the gladness of good deeds permit?

What is the New Light, tell me, what is it—
This kindly light that shows what is most fit
For each to do, what best for every man,—

To cherish honour, and our hearts to scan !
The light that leads us on these things to do,
That is the New Light, surely, and the True !

THE PENITENT.

FORGIVE, O Truth, thy servant's sin this day :

Thy pardon, O our Master, we entreat :

It was so easy, and so passing sweet,

Within the kirk's old ivied porch to stray.

Forgive us though we sat with them that pray ;

Thou knowest how our heart indignant beat

'Gainst those prone on the knee, no posture meet,—

Than sheep more piteous, more unreasoning they !

Full tranquil seemed the place—a Paradise

Where those who taste not knowledge dwell secure ;

Brave hearts, whom their own dreams of heaven suffice !

O Truth, from Paradise with thee we passed,

But, Master, wilt thou bring us home at last

Unto a place as peaceful and as pure ?

MORS ET VITA.



MORS ET VITA.

WE know not yet what life shall be,
What shore beyond earth's shore be set ;
What grief awaits us, or what glee,
We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those years when we
Were loved and true,—but will death let
Our eyes the longed-for vision see ?
We know not yet.

MAN.

CHILD of the Infinite,
Born of Eternity,—
Man, the last neophyte,
Robed in modernity!
What is his history,—
What can we show of it?
Little we know of it,
Hid in much mystery:—
Child of the Infinite,
Born of Eternity!

SISTER URSULA.

A SILHOUETTE.

‘Thou that dwellest in the gardens.’

Canticles, viii. 13.

THIS is her garden, this the place,
 Secluded and serene,
 Where phlox and pansy love to grace
 The dreamland of their queen;
 A sunny solitude makes fair
 The precincts of this trim parterre.

Like mystic scroll illumed and wrought
 With leaf and flowered device,
 With loving care it breathes the thought
 Of holiest sacrifice:—
 And still above from morn till night
 Here Heaven always is in sight.

This pathway as some minster aisle,
From noxious weeds set free,
Seems holy ground, and here awhile
Ofttimes, methinks, I see
A figure past the privet glide
When comes the dusk at eventide.

No Pascal, no Spinoza treads
This walk, or stands to view
The many-coloured tulip-beds,—
The blooms of varied hue ;
No Plato rapt as in a dream
Strays hither from the Academe :

Yet haply somewhat of all three,
Some kinship of the mind,
Inspires the spirit that we see ;
And, dimly here divined,
The higher, the ideal life
Is fenced from sin, is freed from strife.

The stars gleam softly overhead,
The sky is bright and clear,—

Infinity around is spread,
Eternity is here ;
And by this leaf-encircled seat
Each morn the Past and Future meet.

The Past that from far distance brings
The Present as his gift,—
The Future that full swiftly flings
It down the stream adrift ;
While loud upon yon elder-tree
The blackbird chants his minstrelsy.

But when the Sun scales heaven's height,
With noontide fancies fraught,
Here rests within the spirit's sight
Life budding into Thought,—
The wondrous mystery of Mind,
Unsolved, unfathomed, undefined !

These jonquils shed a perfume rare,—
Whence comes it,—who can tell ?
And Thought, the blossom that we bear,
Life's fairest asphodel,

Breathes it the incense of the heart
That still shall live tho' Life depart ?

* * * *

But stay, our purpose we forget,—
The portrait that we planned,—
'Tis but an old-world silhouette,
And few may understand
How in these verses they may trace
The profile of the pictured face.

So be it,—yet the gardener knows
Each symbol passing well,
The musk, the lily, and the rose,
And ever loves to dwell
Where 'bleeding-heart' and 'London-pride'
Here bloom together side by side.

IN MEMORIAM.

J. A. N.

O WINDS that wail around death's barren shore,
 Be hushed no more :
O weep, ye clouds, and let your tears be shed,
 For he lies dead ;
The truest, noblest, and the best,
 Life's fairest guest.

Now grows the upward path more lone and dim,
 Bereft of him ;
While still we linger with our grief opprest,
 Where he finds rest,—
Here where the wind-blown grasses wave,
 Here by his grave.

NORTH WALES.

Not Vallombrosa's famed retreat,
Not Camaldoni's rugged glen,
Shall lure us hence—we'll climb again
Steep Cynicht and the Giant's Seat ;
Once more we'll turn with willing feet
To Nannau, Nantglyn, or Penmaen ;
What though we wooed the wild Ardennes,
For Cambria still our heart doth beat.

Where shell-strewn Mochras greets the sea
The long dunes shimmer far away ;
The Eternal broods o'er Dinlleyn Bay,
And there awhile we'll list to thee,
O Spirit whispering on the shore
For ever and for evermore.

REST.

REST—for the weary—rest !
Rest for the limbs outworn ;
For tired hearts and torn ;
Rest for the souls unblest.
Rest from the guilt confest,—
From grief, and sorrow, and scorn ;
Rest for the lives forlorn,
And for the loved-ones rest.

Bring wreaths and flowers, adorn
The grave with thy love's bequest ;
Bring flowers that each loved best ;
Bring smiles of joy, nor mourn,—
Lo, past life's furthest bourn
Still gleams the land of rest.

*'AND WOULDST THOU STILL MORE
BEAUTEOUS BE.'*

AND wouldst thou still more beauteous be,
O maiden, steeped in lethargy?
Throw wide the windows of thy soul;
Life and the light shall make thee whole.

And wouldst thou still more joyous be,
O maiden, 'mid thy reverie?
Let not the gay world thee cajole;
Let Nature now thy heart control.

Yet if more honoured thou wouldst be,
O maiden, in thy modesty,
Recall the outcast to thy side;
And to the dark depths sink thy pride.

MORNING.

‘ And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire.’

GRAY.

Now o’er the topmost pine,
 The distant pine-clad peak,
 There dawns a golden streak
 Of light, an orient line :—
 Phœbus, the light is thine,
 Thine is the glory,—seek
 Each dale and dewy creek,
 And in full splendour shine !

Thy steeds now chafe and fret
 To scour the dusky plain :
 Speed forth with flashing rein,
 Speed o’er the land,—and yet,
 Pray, linger in this lane,
 Kissing each violet.

THE INN OF CARE.

AT Nebra, by the Unstrut,—
 So travellers declare,—
 There stands an ancient tavern,
 It is the 'Inn of Care':—
 To all the world 'tis open;
 It sets a goodly fare;
 And every soul is welcome
 That deigns to sojourn there.

The landlord with his helpers,
 (He is a stalwart host,)
 To please his guest still labours
 With 'bouilli' and with 'roast';—
 And ho! he laughs so roundly,
 He laughs, and loves to boast
 That he who bears the beaker
 May live to share the 'toast.'

Lucus a non lucendo—

Thus named might seem the inn,
So careless is its laughter,
So loud its merry din ;
Yet ere to doubt its title
You do, in sooth, begin,
Go, watch the eager faces
Approach and pass within.

To Nebra, by the Unstrut,
May all the world repair,
And meet a hearty welcome,
And share a goodly fare ;
The world ! 'tis worn and weary—
'Tis tired of guilt and glare !
The inn ! 'tis named full wisely,
It is the ' Inn of Care ! '

A HOMILY.

BE to every man just,—and to Woman
Be gentle, and tender, and true ;
For thine own do thy best, but for no man
Do less than a brother should do :

So living thy days to full number,
In peace shalt thou pass to thy grave ;
Thou shalt lie down, and rest thee, and slumber,
With the good and the wise and the brave.

THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALLIXTUS.

BY THE VIA APPIA.

BESIDE the Dead we discourse held,
And laughed nor deemed it wrong ;
He was a Monk, a godly man,—
And I a Child of Song.

Before that morn we had not met,
Yet straightway be it told,
There 'mid the Tombs it seemed to me
We had been friends of old.

For spirit unto spirit leapt,
And heart went forth to heart ;
With many a sad 'farewell' at last
We parted loth to part.

62 THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALLIXTUS.

O wondrous brotherhood of Man !
Our sires—'tis surely so—
Were members of one family
A myriad years ago.

ROME, 1892.

THE BAT.

VESPERTILIO MURINUS.

I.

SLEEK, faery creature,
Strange freak of Nature
That through the Twilight comes and goes,
Could we the mystery
Of thy life's history
Resolve, and learn what no man knows,
From what weird forces,
What hidden sources,
Thy wingèd soul sprang into being,
Then might we clearly
Divine more nearly
The World that lies beyond our seeing.

II.

Quaint, mimic angel !
Thy new evangel
Disclose, and share it now with me,
While through the gloaming
Thus lightly roaming,
Thou flittest round this old oak tree ;
Tell me what Ages,
What Cosmic stages,
Evolved thy Spirit in the Past ;
The far stars glisten,—
Speak, for I listen ;
Teach me the Wisdom that thou hast.

III.

Nay, spectral flitter,
Where glowworms glitter,
Thou art more silent than the Sphinx ;
Thro' eras ended
Thou hast descended
Down from the sphere of 'missing links,'—
Like pterodactyl
Thy race runs back till

The distance foils our dazed sight,
To prehistoric,
Rude, allegoric,
Brute offspring of the Infinite.

IV.

The Past hath vanished,
From memory banished,
What of the Future canst thou tell?
In words aesthetic,
Sage and prophetic,
Our doubting and our fears dispel;
When life is over
Shall Darkness cover
Thy twilight wanderings with the Night,—
Or from Death's portal
Wilt thou immortal
Speed forth into the realm of light?

V.

Mute, mystic rover!
Could we discover

Thy wisdom though thou answer'st not,
There is no human,
Or man or woman,
But hath the knowledge thou hast got ;
We know we know not !
The gods bestow not
On thee a wider, clearer view ;—
Thou art surrounded,
On all sides bounded,
By thine own ignorance,—adieu !

*THE ALDEBARAN SPIRIT.**To Prof. Minchin (after reading his 'Naturae Veritas.')*

ALL ye who seek the golden clime,
 Go, mount with Death his caravan !
 So sang of old the rhythmic clan,
 The bards whose numbers rang sublime :
 Ah, now, methinks, some truer chime
 Must charm us through life's little span ;
 Once more we'll read thy lofty rhyme,
 O wise, O true Aldebaran !

Full well we learn'd, and long ago,
 Thy truth that from eternity
 What hath endured that still shall be
 And that alone—'tis even so !
 Eternal forces deathless reign ;
 We work with them, or work in vain.

*PRINCE LUCIFER.**An Epitaph.*

In caelo quies—he is gone,
 Who on the gods warr'd long ago :
O requiescat !—Fairies strow
 Poor Goblin's grave, nor leap thereon !
 Great Lucifer, the Wily-One,
 Who lied on earth now lies below :
 Nay, saint or sinner, sigh not so,
 Death is the true eirënicon.

Mephisto—thus the moderns dub
 Him who was once Beelzebub—
 Here lies who was himself a lie !
 For he by Terror was begot,
 Yet never was and now is not,
 Grim shadow of a shade gone by.

*THE PEDLAR'S 'APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA.'**A cader vè chi troppo alto sale.*

IT. PROV.

MEN travel-worn tread night and morn
 One highway to one goal ;
 They toil to earn, nor wisdom learn,
 While on the ages roll.

In years of yore ere Youth passed o'er
 I wearied of dull life,
 I bade farewell to 'Faery-Dell,'
 And took the World to wife.

Now up and down, thro' thorp and town,
 From door to door I roam,—
 A pedlar sage that loves the page
 Of Nature's wondrous tome !

He grasps too much who all would clutch !
But I have been content
To cull, each day, in my own way
The bloom of each event.

And when the shy folk come and buy
What most they need or prize,
To each I fling—no worthless thing—
Apt word or adage wise.

I bend not low to 'empty show,'
Like those of high estate ;
No rule I own, I reign alone,
Sole sovran of my fate !

Who fain Content would circumvent
With glory or with gold,
Should watch awhile where wild-flowers smile,
And woods their wealth unfold.

The daffodils by laughing rills
Dance as the breeze goes by ;
And Song and Glee meet on the lea ;
The lark trills in the sky.

Peace dwelleth there ; and on the air
The joys of Life come borne ;
While Nature's calm and Nature's balm
Can soothe the heart forlorn.

Now with my pack I'm travelling back
Unto the 'Great Unknown ;'
Yet on the road light seems my load,
And all the world my own.

And when no more from shore to shore
I wander down life's way,
Grave on my tomb—no word of gloom—
'This dog has had his day !'

MOIRA.

Who most is Fortune's fool? The man
 That eager strives yet never can
 Increase his stature half a span?
 Or he, the Mussulman, that sleeps,—
 Saith, 'God in heaven this watch keeps;
 Our pilot, Allah, Lord and King,
 Safe to the port our bark shall bring;
 'Tis Providence that shapes our ends,
 And who shall slay while Fate befriends!'

Behold, each man before his birth,
 Of great or, haply, little worth,
 Hath all his gifts,—a giant he,
 Or doomed a mere dwarf-soul to be!
 Nay, be he great or good or bad,
 He shall not to his talents add,
 Or mould a brain replete with wit
 If Nature hath not furnished it.

See yonder babe, 'tis but the last
Fresh output of the Ages past ;
And 'tis no fable that each man
Existed ere Man's race began.
'Tis writ on Moira's oriflamme,
'Before Jehovah was I am !'
'Tis writ on Nature's banner too,
'Eternity hath fashioned you !'
And Moira, Moira, what is she
But Nature and the laws that be,
Immutable Necessity !

Go, travel thou thro' space afar
To Sirius, or that furthest star
Thy Fancy, not thy feet, may reach ;
There from its ancient, time-worn beach
Look back, behold, if Mortal can,
This earth, this planet-home of Man :
Thou seest,—no, thou canst not see
So small a speck there lost to thee
'Mid space that mocks Infinity.
This mighty world, it is so small
Thou canst not see this earth at all

From Sirius, or that distant star
Where splendid rolls Orion's car.
And yet these orbs that nightly shine,
These myriad worlds that gleam afar,
Have helped to shape this Will of thine,
This automatic toy that plays
Weird music for ten-thousand days ;
Thou canst not wish, or will, or act,
Or lift thy finger, or contract
A limb or muscle, but in thee,
Part of the cosmic unity,
The link'd cogwheels at work we see
Of all that is, or e'er hath been,
Of all the worlds seen or unseen,
The forces of the Universe.

But 'mid the waves of Time immerse
Thy thoughts awhile. Thro' days remote
From age to age let Fancy float,
Wayfaring in a faery boat
Down forest rivers to that sea
That hath no shore, Eternity.
—Ten million years ago to-day,

Awhile we'll anchor in this bay ;
Beneath these trees whose branches meet
And yield us shelter from the heat.
The world by some divine decree
Remains unaltered,—as you see,
These trees are green as those we knew,
And as of yore the skies are blue !
Beneath the sun is nothing new
In substance, tho' in shape, perchance,
Some change accrues from circumstance,—
Some lapse of form, some permutation,
Or new life from fresh combination.
Yet long ere round its parent sun
This earth, our planet, had begun
As foal around its dam to run,—
Long ere this orb began to be,
Vast aeons of Eternity
A myriad earths and orbs had seen,
A myriad worlds that once had been
The homes of mortals, beasts, and birds ;
Of shepherds with their flocks and herds ;
Of priests and pedlars—haply, too,
Trim statesmen, men of many words

To hide their meaning from our view.
Immortal souls these mortals had,
And creeds, perchance, almost as mad
As those men cherish to this hour
To feed their pride, and give them power
On outstretched wing to upward fly
And reach their castles in the sky.

'Mid tropic forests vast and dim
Thou shalt not find the Seraphim,
But mailèd serpents mayst thou see
Coiled near the shady mango-tree :—
There by the marge of some lone swamp
Where orchids bloom and all the pomp
Of painted plumage gleams around,
The Cherubim are never found ;
But born of Nature's changeless laws,
With hungry, ravenous, cruel jaws,
The alligator waits his prey,—
And while the merry children play
A budding life is snatched away.

Do Gods then give the crocodile

Angelic food? Nay, list awhile ;
All mortals Nature doth impel,
But Moira rules the Gods as well !
The Gods are Justice, Power, and Love,
Yet over these, see, throned above,
Reigns Moira, stern Necessity
Abiding in all things that be,
Eternal and immutable !

Man strives to guide, and doeth well,
His bark upon the stream of life,
But, ah ! the floods despite his strife
Bear him he knows not whence or whither ;
Where the dim Future leads him, thither
He goes, and Moira points the way ;
To what, who knoweth, or can say !
All things for ever onward wend,
From no Beginning to no End.

GIUSEPPINA.

HER spirit breathes love's affluence,—
Her eyes, no heart may doubt,
Are windows in God's heaven whence
An angel looketh out.

NOBIALLO, 1896.

BEATA BEATRIX.

‘Ella ha perduta la sua Beatrice :
 E le parole ch’uom di lei può dire
 Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui.’

Vita Nuova.

AND was it thine, the light whose radiance shed
 Love’s halo round the gloom of Dante’s brow?
 Was thine the hand that touched his hand, and thou
 The spirit to his inmost spirit wed?
 O gentle, O most pure, what shall be said
 In praise of thee to whom Love’s minstrels bow?
 O heart that held his heart, for ever now
 Thou with his glory shalt be garlanded.
 Lo, ’mid the twilight of the waning years,
 Firenze claims once more our love, our tears :
 But thou, triumphant on the throne of song,—
 By Mary seated in the realm above,—
 O give us of that gift than death more strong,
 The loving spirit that won Dante’s love.

BADEN-BADEN.

' . . . fiso, ù si mostri, attendi,
L'erba più verde, e l'aria più serena.'

PETRARCA.

SYRINGA and wild-roses,
Beneath a sapphire sky !
Here, dearest, Life reposes,
We'll let the Hours slip by ;
What tho' the light discloses
Grey threads amid our hair,
Syringa and wild-roses,
And Thou, my Love, art fair.

As in the woods of Arden
Once dwelt the balm of peace,
And they who sought for pardon
There found their sorrows cease ;

So in this forest-garden,
Here with the pines alone,
Now Peace shall be our warden,
And Strife a world unknown.

Here breathes the holy Spirit
Of Love in bud and flower,
And they who wander near it,
Shall they not share its dower?
Here we too may inherit
Of life the holier part—
Love, thine be all the merit,
And thine the Sacred Heart.

BADEN-BADEN, 1895.

CALABRIA.

I.

A SYLVAN bower for love's embrace,
 Where wild-flower blossoms grew unbidden,
 It was our secret trysting-place
 Behind the elms and orchard hidden :
 There meadow-saffron bloomed as fair
 As e'er Cosenza knew of yore ;
 Strayed mignonette made sweet the air
 As myrtle the Calabrian shore ;
 And still the name we gave it bore
 Far glimpses of that southern clime
 Whence Maro fled to come no more,
 Where Ennius built his rugged rhyme :—
 Yet fare thee well, O leafy dell ;
 Farewell, our loved Calabria !

II.

O that mine eyes might view again
That vanished bower, and haply so
Might see thee as I saw thee then,
My own sweet love of long ago,
When still the stars shone bright above,
And Life, our faery-land of bliss,
Seemed made for us, and us for Love,
And Love for one eternal kiss ;
But now our lives have grown amiss,
And thou art far beyond the sea,
I know not where, I know but this,
How dear thy memory is to me :—
Then fare thee well, O leafy dell !
O fare thee well, Calabria !

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.

TO ONE DEPARTING.

WHITHER, O whither, ere yet the stars wane,
 Love, art thou going? Nay, with us remain :—
 Come back, beloved ! Love, come back again !

See, unto thee we stretch hands ever fain ;
 List, for to thee we sing chanting one strain,—
 Come back, beloved ! Love, come back again !

Fondly we plead to thee, pleading in vain,
 Lord of our limbs and lips, pleasure and pain,
 Come back, beloved ! Love, come back again !

Where on this sandy beach long we have lain,
 Ere the night hideth us, hiding disdain,
 Come back, beloved ! Love, come back again !

SONNETS OF LOVE'S-BOWER.

THE NEW DAWN.

Too long unblest, too long unloved, we waited
Watching the sun-kiss'd flowers bloom and die ;
Sad days were ours, for sad the hours went by ;
Lone were the hearts for love by love created :
As some poor bird by cruel chance unmated,
Flits through the forest with a piteous cry,
So for some dear, loved soul, 'twas ours to sigh,—
Some kindred spirit to our own related.

You came at last ! you came,—glad voices singing
Chanted blithe welcome to a dawn so fair !
The night was past ; and in the morning there—
Lo, love new-born, and life from death upspringing !
Who should have thought those barren hours were
bringing
So blest an union to so fond a pair.

SWEET-HEART.

No tinsel trickery hast thou, Sweet-heart !
No new devices of the old deceit
To bring each foolish flatterer to thy feet,—
In such unwisdom thou canst have no part !
But thou art nobler far, and as thou art
So are thy deeds,—not proffering as fine wheat
The worthless chaff of some Circean cheat,
But heart for true heart offering at love's mart.

For amulet thou hast thy truthfulness,
And for thy charm thine own simplicity ;
Thy gracious eyes make captive but to bless,
For lo, while robed in thy love's livery,
Our willing hearts this ancient truth confess
To serve the noblest is true liberty !

*BEAUTY AND DUTY.**(From DANTE.)*

Lo, throned upon my spirit's loftiest height,
Here of true love discourse fair ladies twain ;
And one, with honoured prudence in her train,
In valorous courtesy is richly dight :—
The other glistens with the golden light
Of smiles and winning grace, where beauties reign ;
And I, of each enamoured, still remain
The slave of each, as Love asserts his might.
Beauty and Duty, these my spirit woo,
And urge their suit, doubting if loyal kiss
To both can e'er be given, and faithful prove :
Yet saith the fount of gentle speech and true,—
'Both may be thine !—Beauty, for dearest bliss ;
But Duty, for good deeds, shall win thy love.'

THE AFTERMATH.

It was late summer, and the grass again
Had grown knee-deep,—we stood, my love and I,
Awhile in silence where the stream runs by ;
Idly we listened to a plaintive strain,—
A young maid singing to her youthful swain,—
Ah me, dead days remembered make us sigh,
And tears will sometimes flow we know not why ;
'If spring be past,' I said, 'shall love remain ?'

She moved aside, yet soon she answered me,
Turning her gaze responsive to mine own,—
'Spring days are gone, and yet the grass, we see,
Unto a goodly height again hath grown ;
Dear love, just so love's aftermath may be
A richer growth than e'er spring-days have known.'

AFTER LONG YEARS.

HAVE I not loved you, and shall love not bind
Our hearts and lives now parting days are past ?
The ivy tendrils cleave where once entwined
And will not part unbroken ; boughs long clasp'd
And in those sheltering arms by love confined,
Would droop, if bared, beneath the stormy blast,
Cold, beating hail, and harsh life-withering wind,—
Would droop awhile, and fade, and fall at last !

Have I not loved you, and shall Love be cast
From out the home where once, a winsome child,
Of old you welcomed him, and gayly smiled,
And with your long brown tresses bound him fast ?
Nay, now a man, his conquering might you know,
He holds you, sweet,—he will not let you go.

'THROUGH THE NIGHT WATCHES.'

THROUGH the night-watches, Sleep, we picture thee,
Now as a bridge that links two neighbouring lands,
One worn and barren as the sea's bare sands,
One sown and fruitful with all things to be:—
Now as a mist that spreadeth silently,
We see thee hiding with thy vaporous hands
The good that gladdens, and the guilt that brands,
The griefs that follow, and the joys that flee.

And now a seraph, an angelic guide,
Thy white wings reaching to thy noiseless feet,
We see thee leading to each loved-one's side
The longed-for figure that each loves to greet :
Oh, while the darkness and the night abide,
Be thou love's-guide, and guide me to my Sweet.

LOVE-MEMORIES.

FAIR, languid flower, that leanest on thy stem
As though thy heart were heavy, and full sad
For all its sweetness,—thou with fragrance clad
Seem'st as a queen tired of her diadem,
Whose eyes grow weary of each lustrous gem
That may not heal, and never maketh glad,
Her love-lorn heart ;—thy sweetness cannot add
Strength to thy soul to chant love's requiem.

And yet, and yet, another flower we know,
Whose form may haply droop, or languid lean,
If thoughts of other days their shadows throw,
Or memory point to some forgotten scene ;
Nay, dost thou droop, sweet flower, nay, say not so,—
Forget, regret not, that it might have been.

LATE FRUIT.

TEN years, ten years,—it seems but yesterday !
Ten years ago we loved not, though above
The neighbouring elms, as on the grass we lay,
Long time we watched one silver, circling dove
That came full close, yet with us would not stay ;—
And so you rose, and went, nor vainly strove
Against the gods and fate ;—you went, and love,
Lo, love, our silver dove, flew far away.

Ten years ago ! Again, again to-day
In other wise, 'mid other scenes, we meet ;
Nay, fear not love, my own,—but own how sweet
This glad fruition of our long delay !
See, round our hearts and limbs, we know but this,
Love spreads his sheltering wings to hide our kiss.

A HOME IN HAMPSHIRE.

THIS is the bosky citadel of love,—

Here mimic forests stud the fair champaign,

And here by night the nightingales complain

To her whom lovers' vows in vain would move !

This is the peaceful shrine that gleams above

The highways of the world,—the wise disdain

Refusing still 'mid gayer realms to reign,

Or for town-revelry quit this calm alcove.

Here is the little lake, hid in the wood,

Upon whose loving breast the lilies float

In blissful quietude, and only note

The bee that sips their lips, his honeyed food,—

And here the haven where his soul should flee

Who in Love's service still would faithful be.

THE NEOPHYTE.

HIS spirit is in apogee ! To-night
Far from our earth he speeds ;—he heeds no more
The long waves breaking on life's echoing shore :
Lo, Truth, his aureole, as heaven grows bright ;
And Faith, his carcanet, as chrysolite
'Mid soul-wrought gems gleams thro' the opening door
Of purest Innocence ;—on wings that soar
Through cloud-girt vistas to the Infinite,
Upward he journeys, and what limitless scope,
What boundless prospects to his vision rise—
What thrones, how fair ! and oh, how full of hope
The heavenly mansions and the star-built skies !
—Yet love, dear love ! behold, the day shall be,
Earthward he will return, and kneel to thee.

**'IF THOU WERT TRUE AS THOU
ART FAIR.'**

H

*'IF THOU WERT TRUE AS THOU
ART FAIR.'*

If thou wert true as thou art fair,
Love should for thee thy burden bear ;
No service would his heart disdain,
Or deem it idle, or in vain :
 But fare thee well ! Too fair art thou ;
 So fare thee well for ever now.

If thou wert mine, and mine alone,
Then shouldst thou reign upon love's throne ;
But other hands may thine caress,
And other lips those lips may press,
 So fare thee well ! Unfair art thou,—
 Go, fare thee well for ever now.

If thou, a goddess, wert divine,
Should all men worship at thy shrine ?

Nay, prithee, think!—is there not one
Who from thine altar would pass on,
With, 'Fare thee well! Mere fairy thou,—
Nay, fare thee well for ever now'?

Yet tell me, thou, my own, my queen,
Art true as thou hast ever been,—
And I thy servant still shall be ;
Nor, doubting, sing this song to thee
Of 'Fare thee well,'—but 'Fair art thou,'
And 'With me fare for ever now.'

THE COQUETTE.

THIS pirate bold upon Love's sea
 Will let no passing heart go free ;
 No barque, by those bright eyes espied,
 May sail away o'er life's blue tide
 Till all its treasure yielded be.

Her craft, the *Conquest*, waits for thee
 Where her swift rapine none may see ;—
 From shadowing coves on thee will glide
 This pirate bold.

Yet thou, if thou her power wouldst flee,
 Go, feign thyself love's refugee,
 And crave sweet shelter ;—she'll deride
 Thy piteous suit with scornful pride ;
 And thou, thou shalt escape in glee
 This pirate bold !

MADRIGAL.

*' Le città son nemiche, amici i boschi
A' miei pensier.'* PETRARCA.

I.

COME, to the woods, love, let us go,
And roam the forest wide ;
There brackens grow and wild-flowers blow,
And singing birds abide :
There happy are the hearts that love ;
And happy, love, are we,
While there we sing our songs in spring
Beneath the greenwood tree.
With hey, my love ! and ho, my love !
My love she is so bonnie.

II.

There is a nook by Beaulieu brook,
An ivy-cinctured bower,
Where we can dwell in forest dell,
And pluck the budding flower ;

For happy are the hearts that love,
And happy, love, are we,
While still we sing our songs in spring
Beneath the greenwood tree.
With hey, my love ! and ho, my love !
My love she is so bonnie.

AMORIS INTEGRATIO.

CYPRIS, 'mid sad tears uprising,
Fairer from the flood emerges ;
Love, all sorrow exorcising,
From the stormy crested surges
Starts refulgent, and chastising
Grief with kisses, love's own scourges,
Fleetly doffs all thin disguising ;
Crying, 'Maiden, cease your dirges,
Cease your wailing,—Cupid dallies,
By the threshold shyly hiding !
See, the storm is past and over ;
See, the sun shines down the valleys ;
See, he enters, kind nor chiding,—
Cupid ? 'Tis your own fond lover ?'

STANZAS COMPOSED AT VOIRON.

FROM far Saint Laurent, from the heights
That cluster round the Grande Chartreuse,
Here back returned once more we sit
'Neath Voiron's moonlit avenues.

How calm the night, how still the trees,—
These linden-trees that scent the air,
And with their verdure love to grace
The fairest town of all Isère.

'Mid such a scene, on such an eve,
How should man's spirit fail to win
Some impulse from the world without,
Some utterance from the voice within !

No passing sound the stillness breaks ;
There comes no murmur on the breeze ;
No thunder that the mariner hears
When dreaming of the storm-lashed seas ;

No vesper song of bird or maid,
No lay of minstrel chanted near,
Makes glad the night with carol gay
Or jubilant strain we love to hear.

Yet list, a whisper from afar,
Faint echo from life's voiceful sea,—
A message from the Spirit-land
On angel's wings floats down to me.

And still in crystals of clear rhyme,
Like snow-flakes moulded into song,
It builds itself a lyric dome
Of melody the Muses throng :—

I.

O sunny lands,
O golden sands,
When Youth its halo round us spread !
We will not weep,
Nor sad watch keep,
Tho' dark the Night hangs overhead.

II.

'Mid sea-washed shells,
And flower-sweet bells,
We played thro' merry childhood's hour ;
Then Dryad fair
With golden hair
Enticed us to Love's leafy bower.

III.

Ah me, those years
Of smiles and tears !
We would not bid them yet adieu ;
Love is the best !
Death take the rest,
So it but leave me, love, with you.

'FAIRER THAN THE FIELDS OF ENNA.'

TO R. C. HERON MAXWELL.

FAIRER than the fields of Enna
Sung by many a bard of yore,
Is this village of Varenna
Cypress-crowned on Como's shore.

Not Lucerne, and not Lugano,
Tho' they both be passing fair,
Nor, believe me, Desenzano
With Varenna can compare.

Beauty on the wings of rapture
Wafts us to the realm above,
While Varenna with sweet capture
Wins and keeps our heart and love.

LAGO DI COMO, 1896.

*'O BLITHE THE DAY, O BLITHE THE
NIGHT.'*

O BLITHE the day, O blithe the night,
And down the dale the fairies flit,
For earth is young, and skies are bright,
And life is full of fair delight
While Love is still the lord of it !

O hail the dawn, the happy morn,
And happy hours the fates permit,
Now every home spring-flowers adorn,
And newer a heart is found forlorn
While Love is still the lord of it !

Then, shepherd, sing ! O shepherd, bring
Thy pastoral pipe, as is most fit ;
Fair maids, around your roses fling ;—
For life is still a holy thing,
And Love is still the lord of it.

ETERNITY.

OF old spake the priest, spake the parson and preacher,—
 ‘After death, O my Friends, after death is Eternity.’
 ‘Not so,’ cries my Spirit, ‘not so, O wise teacher!
 It was, and it is, and it ever shall be,—
 Now, now is Eternity! Is it for thee?’

PONTE GRANDE, 1894.

THE CHURCH AT FERNEY.

‘DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE.’

‘Deo Voltaire!’—Thus yesterday we read
 The bold inscription o’er the doorway writ ;
 No pert device of philosophic wit,
 It through the ages speaks from overhead,
 A messenger of love with wisdom wed,—
 Of grief for human grieving as is fit :
 Truly, methinks, no smile lurked under it ;
 Ah, now we smile no more, Voltaire is dead !

No cynic savant to the God Unknown
 Here reared this temple by his palace-gate ;
 No prelate, faithful to one faith alone,
 Built this, God’s witness of his high estate ;
 But Love, Love whispered to his friends, the poor,—
 ‘I too would honour Him whom ye adore.’

GENEVA, 1895.

NEMI.

‘Nemi, imbedded in wood, Nemi, inurned in the hill.’
CLOUGH.

I.

FROM lone Castello’s torrid shore,
Here, Nemi, to thy shrine,
Where Thyrsis wandering came of yore,
I come to make thee mine :
With myrtle sweet and eglantine,
O Lake, beloved for evermore,
Take thou my soul, and yield me thine.

II.

Spirit of Beauty ! is it here,
Secluded and alone,
Thou dwellest by these waters clear,
These Alban hills thy throne ?
Here still, unwitnessed and unknown,
To thee we kneel, and thee revere,
And thine all-hallowing presence own,

III.

What tho' mute Silence brood around,
Tho' every voice be still,
Tho' Dian's horn and steeds resound
No more along the hill,
Yet harmonies unheard fulfil
The hearts that muse on holy ground,
And rhythmic tongues with rapture thrill.

IV.

Earth's flowery lap thy body is,
And loveliness thy soul,
O beauteous scene, whose tender kiss
Can make the wounded whole ;
Now closer to thy mystic goal
We come, and coming, crave but this,
'Do thou the weary heart console !'

V.

Nay, closer now ! nay, closer yet !
Would my soul cleave to thine ;
Here by thy mantling beauty met,
Transfigured, made divine ;—
Here as of old in Palestine

Love is the true heart's amulet,
And joy of love the sacred sign.

VI.

But hark, O hark, the choirs unseen !
They rise on airy wing ;
O Nemi, round thy borders green
Their joyous paeans ring ;
'Spirit of Beauty !' thus they sing,
'Thou art, and thou hast ever been,
Of life and love the living spring.'

VII.

Back to Albano, back to Rome,
We go, but still with thee,
O lake, of love-lit dreams the home,
Our thoughts, our heart shall be ;
And still, far off, we yet shall see
Beneath the Night's star-spangled dome
Thy grove-encircled sanctuary.

USQUE AD FINEM.

I.

THE Daisy to the Daffodil
 Said, 'Every dell I know,
 I bloom upon the barren hill,
 And in the vale below ;—
 By castle-walls and moated halls,
 By road, and mere, and moor ;
 A home behind the Church I find,
 And by the Chapel-door.'

II.

The Daffodil gazed coldly round ;
 Quoth he, 'Ay, that is true ;—
 Go where we will the poor abound,
 The rich are very few !
 When men no more shall strive and store,
 Nor want, nor wealth we see,
 You then shall sup from my gold cup,
 And we will equals be.'

'ONE WITH ANOTHER.'

I.

FRIEND! let me speak to thee,—
 Wealthy art thou!
 Men through their poverty,
 Through want and misery,
 Have sinned and sorrowed
 Often ere now.

II.

Friend! let me speak to thee,—
 Poorer art thou!
 From opportunity,
 From wealth and luxury,
 Men oft have borrowed
 Sorrow ere now.

III.

Friends ! will ye tell to me,—

 This one, and thou !—

Despite your disparity,

From each other's charity

 How oft have ye borrowed

 Comfort ere now ?

MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

NAY, tell me, which part shall endure,

O Man, of all thy mystery !

Thy Pride, methinks, stands fixed and sure ;

Thou shalt not *wholly* die.

A POEM FOR PENELOPE.

Ætat. 9.

(THE LIGHT FROM THE MILKY WAY.)

I.

TWELVE million miles in each minute of time
 Travels the Light from the Milky Way !
 It travels by night, and it travels by day :
 It never grows weary, or halts on the way ;
 But straight to the Earth with an ardour sublime,
 Twelve million miles in each minute of time,
 Travels the Light from the Milky Way !

II.

For a thousand years—that's a very long time—
 Travels the Light from the Milky Way !
 But it reaches at length with a quivering ray
 The home where this Poet is writing his lay ;
 Yet ere it touches the hem of his rhyme,
 For a thousand years, 'tis a very long time,
 Travels the Light from the Milky Way !

THE MAWDDACH.

I.

SUN-KISSED sands,
 Where the sea-gull lands
 And alien birds from the Forest meet ;
 Where, as bright
 As the Rainbow's light,
 Kingfishers flash thro' the noontide heat,—
 Sylvan shore !
 As in years of yore
 We seek the calm of thy still retreat.

II.

Where but here
 Should the Hours appear
 Thus blithely clad with the robe of Song ;
 Where more fair
 In the sunlit air,

And pure as winds that the pine-woods throng,
Dawns the sight
Of our love's delight,
With all the joys that to Life belong?

III.

Rich as gold
That the mines unfold
In those lone heights that around thee rise,
Nature, true
To the Hearts that woo,
Here yields her bliss to enchanted eyes,—
Whispering, ' Mine
Is this land, and thine,
And ne'er shalt thou its rare grace despise.'

IV.

Naiads sleep
On thy glassy deep,
And Night reveals what the Day hath hid —
Circling arms,
And a feast that charms

With dreams of Love thy green banks amid ;
Yet, fair Scene,
That our joy hast been,
Farewell to thee, and thy woods we bid.

DOLGELLY, 1893.

THE ROAD TO MACUGNAGA.

VAL ANZASCA.

' To matins come ! To matins come ! '

Thus tolled the bell—but lo, on high
 Triumphant blazed the cloudless sky ;
 More ample than St. Peter's dome,
 It was our heaven, and God's home ;—
 And bound at last for Truth to search
 How should we linger in the Church ?

Vogogna gave us on that day
 An omelet for our *déjeuner* ;—
 On such 'viaticum' well-fed
 The pilgrim, with life garlanded,
 Goes forth upon the upward way ;
 Nor shall he faint, nor rest, till he
 Hath reached the Kingdom that they see

Whose eyes are gifted to behold
And gaze upon Infinity.

Across the bridge where Tosa rolled
His sunlit tide of burnished gold
We passed, and soon had left behind
Pié de Muléra,—to our mind
A hot Gehenna of the plain,
The torrid home of scorching pain.

But now our hearts were lifted up ;
Already from the golden cup
Of Nature's sacramental wine
Our souls had drunk. A light divine
Gleamed bright above the horizon line ;
And Love was with us, and Delight,
When Monte Rosa came in sight.

Lo, on its throne, aloft, on high,
Encircled by the sapphire sky,
A holy spirit seemed to sit ;—
What was this Spirit, what was it ?

And what the Voices in the air
That sang their hymn of praise and prayer ?

O Thou, our Master in the Past,
What is the message that thou hast
For us the pilgrims of To-day
Bound for the heavenly, upward way ?
O Spirit on thy stainless throne,
What is thy teaching ? Shall we say
Thou and the Universe are one,
And we thy children, thine alone—
We are a part, Thou art the whole ;
The world thy body, Thou the soul ?
Yea, shall our worship ever be
The praise of the Infinity ?

But here is Ponte Grande,—here
The higher Vision draweth near,
As earth's low levels disappear.
'Mid these fair heights long let us stay,
And drink of Beauty while we may ;
Here quench thy thirst with purest wine
Here rest 'mid Nature's holiest shrine,

And thou at eventide shalt say,
'I too,'—and shall not this suffice?—
'I too have been in Paradise.'

Keep thou thy soul still and serene,
As hid in some lone woodland scene
A sheltered lake may long have been ;
And, heaven reflected on thy breast,
The stars shall on thy bosom rest ;
Thou shalt find peace, and Beauty then
Shall drift within thy spirit's ken.

Alone upon the Pampas plain
The Gaucho rides with loosened rein ;
He hears afar the jaguar roar ;
He sees the 'crested screamer' soar
High o'er his head till lost to view
It enters heaven's empyreal blue,—
An Angel singing on its way
A sweet and paradisal lay
Unlike the shrill discordant sound
It uttered resting on the ground.
Thus shall all spirits as they soar
Sings hymns to Beauty evermore,

Till they thro' heaven's gate at last
Into the realm of Peace have passed ;
And holy, holy shall they be
Who reach that highest sanctuary.

Yet while of Beauty, as we think,
The soul of Man should ever drink,
What is the Godhead,—can it be,
Truth is the truest Deity ?
Then turn, O comrade, turn and pray
Awhile to Truth for his bright ray
Of Light to lead thee on thy way ;
Truth be the star that shines above
Thy home of Beauty and of Love,
Then shall its influence benign
Make thee and thy pure soul divine ;
Tho' its far orb thou may'st not reach
Its sacred light thy heart shall teach,—
None may the Very Truth secure,
But Truthfulness is ever sure !

Lo, in full glory now unrolled
There stands the sovran peak—behold,

Snow-white and solemn, vast and grand,
Great hierarch of this 'holy land,'
Now Monte Rosa high in air
Gleams, and its gospel would declare.
O long as on its supreme crest
Unmoved the changeless snow shall rest,
Long as their wealth the years unfold,
To every pilgrim young or old,—
To every wandering soul whose sight
Here feasts with wonder and delight,—
To every heart it shall be told
By mystic symbols manifold,
Love, Truth, and Beauty, are the Three
That now must form thy Trinity!
To these the Voices in the air
Now chant their hymns of praise and prayer;
To these the avalanches cry
When downward sweeping from on high;
To these the deep-blue gentian-flower
Unfolds the mystery of its dower;
To these the bending pine-trees sigh
When swift the stormy winds rush by:—
Love, Truth, and Beauty! Still to these

Are sung the sweetest melodies,
While all the spheres unite to bring
Oblation, and glad paeans sing ;
To these, now Monte Rosa bears
True witness, and their worship shares ;
To these who will may upward soar
And dwell with God for evermore.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

*' And long before the day
Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died ;
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,
. . . Then, " What is life ? " I cried.'*

SHELLEY.

I.

Who saith that Joy hath passed away,
Life's glory hath departed ?
Not they who own Love's holy sway,
The true, the steadfast-hearted ;
Then, Soul, take wing !
Arise and sing,
And crown Life with thy roundelay.

II.

Where lightly trips amid the hills
The brown-limbed village maiden,

Life still for her with Pleasure thrills,—
And still with Music laden,
Far down the steep
Glad waters leap
To greet the golden daffodils.

III.

The meadows bathed in matin dew
Are clothed with gay apparel ;
While high in Heaven, hid from view,
The lark trills out his carol ;
Then upward soar,
O Heart, once more
Thy praises and thy song renew.

IV.

In Arcady, when flushed the dawn,
Blithe shepherds to Apollo
Their paeans sang from grassy lawn,
Green bank, and sheltered hollow,—
That with the Spring
He back might bring
Their Loves more gentle than the fawn.

v.

Was it not his what time the light
 Erst brooded o'er Earth's bosom,—
And his the gift when Love's new might
 Crowned Life with bud and blossom?
 Thrice-gracious boon,
 Though heaven's high noon
With dazzling splendour daze our sight.

vi.

In gardens of the purple Sea,
 'Neath Ocean's rocky bower,
'Mid groves where trailing seaweeds be,
 As fair as any flower,
 Life sprang to birth,
 Then o'er the earth
Thro' vale and upland fain would flee.

vii.

And lo, in every mossy dell
 Life's children now are dwelling;
Brief tenants they, yet who shall tell,
 All mystery dispelling,

What hope, what aim,
What upward flame,
Stirs every heart with ceaseless spell.

VIII.

The Swallow wheeling thro' the air,
Borne on the wings of rapture,—
The Bat that haunts some ruin bare,
Winged fairy fearing capture,—
These have delight,
And day or night
Each heart its wreath of joy must wear.

IX.

Then who shall grieve, or who shall say
Life's glory hath departed?
Nay, sigh no more Death's well-a-way,
But be ye still blithe-hearted;—
Each grassy lawn
At golden dawn
With love shall greet your roundelay.

LUX NATURAE.

A LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.

COME hither, most gentle, most holy !
 Come hither, all truth-loving souls !
 The shadows are fading, and slowly
 The new Light its vision unrolls,—
 The stream and the meadow and mountain, life's
 splendour and rapture and joy.

Come hither,—come, list to the chorus
 Of Nature's own mystical choir ;
 The sighing, the grandly sonorous
 Diapason of Ocean's desire ;
 The warbling of birds in the forest,—the wailing of
 winds in the night.

All sounds and the versatile voices
That people the earth and the air ;
The glad notes, the strain that rejoices ;
The sad tones that tell of despair ;
Their song with our singing shall mingle, our singing
with Nature shall chime.

Away o'er the hills and wide ocean,
Away on the wings of the wind,
Our chant and the voice of devotion
Shall float, and each mortal remind
The day of our singing is finite, yet deathless the glory
of life.

First laud we the name that is nearest
To godlike in nation or clan ;
The name that is fairest and dearest,
Writ deep in the spirit of Man ;—
'Tis Freedom, the birthright of mortals, the guerdon of
hearts that are brave.

'Tis Freedom, the gift of great blessing,
True herald of honour and peace ;

'Tis Freedom that boldly repressing
Now biddeth all tyranny cease ;
That breaketh the rod of the mighty and setteth the
lowly on high.

Like flowers that bloom on the mountains,
Pure blossoms of daintiest hue ;
Like waters of forest-girt fountains,
With rays of the sun flashing thro',
Is the soul that is free from all bondage, nor fearful of
gods or of men.

Who knows not the torment of terror,
Who dreads not the dark gate of Death,
Whom Truth and the freedom from error
Have taught what the Wise Spirit saith,
Stands robed in the raiment of beauty and reigns o'er
the kingdom of souls.

The lilt of the skylark,—the rapture
Of liberty, melody, love,—
It dreams not of lordship or capture,
It heeds not, while soaring above,

The world and its fetters and fashions, its serfdom and
sorrow and sin.

As dew on the uplands at morning,
Fresh tears that the darkness hath shed,
As fair as the sunlight adorning
With halo a young maiden's head,
Is faith in the progress of knowledge,—and trust in the
guidance of Truth.

Joy loves not the darkness, but lingers
By roadside and rillet and brake
When Dawn with her fair rosy fingers
Illumines each meadow and lake ;
For Light,—'tis the giver of life, and the sun the first
father of all !

And blessed is he in whose spirit
Light dwells that is pure as the dove,
For he, he alone shall inherit
The crown and the sceptre of Love ;
He only shall look on the face, and behold the great
beauty, of God.

Most Holy of Holies ! Nay, truly,
Whatever we think Him or name,
We deem and we hold not unduly
That He and fair Love are the same ;
The same in the heart of the thinker, the same in the
gospel of Man.

In the midst of the forest His shrine is ;
The shore of the desolate sea
Hath hearkened and knows that divine is
The Voice that from Nature to thee
Still speaks 'mid the lonely recesses, from mountain and
desert and mere.

It tells of the infinite beauty
Of life hidden far from the world,
Where Love is sole teacher of Duty,
And Joy with her banner unfurled
Goes forth with the children of light, with the living and
loving and true.

All worship in Nature the glory,
The wonder, the grandeur, the peace ;

And till Time and the Ages grow hoary
The seasons and years shall not cease
To chant with clear voices immortal the high, holy
rapture of life.

THE HUMAN MIND.

TO PYRRHO.

IN vain, in vain you strive each day
Truth's hidden wealth to find ;
You know not how, in what strange way
Exists the Human Mind.

A perfume issues from the rose,
A light from yonder fire,—
But ah, the mystery who knows
Of Thought, or Soul's desire ?

SONNETS OF NATURE AND LIFE.

NATURE'S VOICES.

THE bee goes humming 'mid the honeyed bells ;

The bird of morning, as he upward soars,

High at the gate of Paradise outpours

His matin melody ; the breezy dells

Are carol-haunted ; hark, the cuckoo tells

Of faery worlds unseen ; past cottage doors

The rill scarce whispers, while full loudly roars

The thundering torrent down the echoing fells.

And these are Nature's voices, these the choir

That bid the poet join their band and sing ;

Thrice-happy choristers, no poet's lyre

Should mar the rapture that your voices bring :

Sing on, O sing, and let our sole desire

Be, at your feet, to still lie listening.

HELVELLYN.

To heaven uplifted, throne on throne, behold
 A sea of surging mountains, far and near ;
 Wave upon wave, the encircling heights appear
 For ever fixed, for ever onward rolled !
 Still in the tranquil valleys as of old
 Shimmer the sylvan lakes to Wordsworth dear,
 Ullswater, Coniston, and Windermere,—
 With many an upland tarn the hills enfold.

Helvellyn, round thy crest the swallows wheel,
 And shriek for glee. To-day we too would feel
 The joy of living. Soon life's path once more
 Shall lead us downward to the vale below,—
 O waves that onward roll, ere yet we go,
 Your mystic influence on our souls outpour.

ITINERANTS.

WHENCE come these wanderers, from what southern clime,
 Playing, before my window, in the street—
 This man and woman in whose presence meet
 Impassioned whisperings of a world sublime,
 As though their sires had sat in olden time
 Within the Forum, or at Caesar's feet ?
 He, sternly gracious, seems my gaze to greet
 With the weird grandeur of a Dantesque rhyme ;
 And she, who moves so gently,—she whose mien
 Might grace a Beatrice or adorn Love's-Queen,—
 Perchance hath near the Pincian known of yore
 The love-lit welcome and the light of home !
 Yet vain is all surmise, we'll guess no more,—
 I said, 'Whence come ye ?'—and she answered
 ' Rome.'

DOLGELLY, 1887.

KRAKATOA, AUGUST 27, 1883.

O'ER Krakatoa the lurid clouds hung low :—
Forth from the crater leapt lithe tongues of flame,
Lapping the heavens till the dread hour came
When burst that mighty force which dealt the blow.
Earth, sea, and air, 'mid the vast overthrow,
Rebounded, and resounded, and the frame
Of Nature shook :—while, whispering it to fame,
The wildered winds thrice round the world did go.
O night of terror !—and O morn of woe !
When hamlet after hamlet none might save
Was whelm'd beneath the dark sea's ravening wave :
We weep, we mourn, but Nature doth not so,—
She paints the windows of her western skies
With radiant sunsets and resplendent dyes.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

ABOVE the terrace-walk at eventide,
Where once the cactus bloomed and blue-bird sang,
Ere owls begin to screech the still bats glide,
And from yon arbour-roof the cobwebs hang.

By Laura's seat engirt with eglantine,
Where she in days of yore oft-times would sit,
The deadly-nightshade now its coils doth twine,
And round this Tuscan vase pale shadows flit !

Ah, happy hours we passed by Laura's seat !
Ah, happy hours foregone, so fair, so fleet !
Now she by Avon dwells, demure and grey,

And I by Thamís' tide pay life his toll ;—
O would these fleeting years but backward roll,
And Laura's smile once more make glad the day.

MY NATIVE STREAM.

DEAR babbling stream, dear playmate of my soul
When on thy bank mine eyes erst saw the light,—
O River Wharfe, whose rippling waters roll
Where grassy mead and towering crag unite,
Be mine thy heritage, be mine thy might,
Ere yet yon westering sun hath reached its goal,
To chant like thee my song, then thro' the night
Shall dulcet melodies my dreams control.

Nay, restless River, hurrying to the sea
Past many a bower with many a rosebud gay,
Why hasten on thy course so fickle-fleet
From leafy nooks where Love awhile would stay?
Once more together here, once more 'twere sweet
To loiter thro' the day alone with thee.

NIGHT-FALL.

THE shades of evening lengthen,—let us close
The latticed window, and draw down the blind :
These shadows seem as spirits, and the wind
Moans in its wandering ; mournfully it goes
As some poor soul that grievous sorrow knows,
Or homeward traveller fearful lest he find
Beside his hearth the doom that haunts his mind,
And o'er his pathway its grim visage shows.

As haunted houses are our haunted hearts,
Wherein pale spirits of past sorrows dwell !
Wherein, as players that play many parts,
Presentiments their tragic tales foretell !
Draw close the curtain,—aye, shut out the night ;
The night is dark, let love then be our light.

DORT.

So quiet, yet so quaint ! Shall sad heart toll
 The doom of days departed ? Nay, draw near,—
 The sovran balm of peace and rest is here !
 From street to street lethargic waters roll,
 And like the symbols of an ancient scroll
 The houses breathe an old-world atmosphere :
 Grim Gomarists are gone, nor will we fear
 Lest wiser Zwinglians they again control.

Yet hush ! High in the trees, around the church,
 The rooks are holding synod,—can the dead
 Unrestful rise, and wrangle over-head ?
 Then for the Gomarists we need not search !
 But Dort,—Dort doffs their robe of 'graceless' gloom,
 And wears her tall magnolias in full bloom.

DORT, 1884.

IN THE PIAZZA DI S. MARCO.

'Plus me plaist le sejour qu'ont basty mes ayeux,
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux.'

DU BELLAY.

IN Venice by St. Mark's at eve I stood
Beside the Ducal Palace—and behold,
Through the piazza a vast multitude
Of doves wheeled downward from the Duomo's gold :
Upon their wings I sped to where of old
Before my childhood's home in dreamful mood
We listened when, with cooings manifold,
Amid the neighbouring elms the stockdoves wooed.

O happy childhood !—and O happy home !
With clematis and roses mantled o'er,
More golden than the Duomo's gilded dome
Your weeping-ash that was our dome of yore :
For still we deem the dearest spot on earth
The home, where'er it be, that gave us birth.

CHÂTEAU FREYR.

'MID brooding silence and deep solitude
Unwatched the dreamy fountains softly play ;
The antique trees stand round in quaint array,
Trim old-world worshippers of sombre mood :
Within this ancient paradise intrude
No mortal-mocking thoughts of life's decay,
Yet here the youthful wanderer well might pray
For age as lovely, with like peace imbued.

Fair scene, farewell ! Farewell, lone avenue !
Farewell, farewell once more—old house, adieu !
Thy gift within our heart we long shall keep,
Thy treasured memory in our spirit store,—
Like some fair dream that crowns thy peaceful sleep
With days of rapture and old loves of yore.

DINANT, 1887.

SOUL AND BODY.

WHERE wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling-place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky;
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow;
But with that body's death wilt thou too die?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together—thou and I.

ALMOND-BLOSSOM.

SWEET almond-blossom, blooming ere the spring
Hath well begun,—ere yet bleak winds and cold
Have shivering fled, your flowers we behold !
Glad tidings of blithe days your petals bring,—
Glad tidings of blithe days when birds shall sing,
And forest-trees shall all their leaves unfold,
And Nature don her robe of green and gold
To meetly greet us in our wandering.

Pale-tinted petals, what is this ye say ?
The summer comes, but ye shall not remain
To share its glory ? What, will ye not stay,
But as some youthful bard that sings his lay,
Then droops and dies by his own sweetness slain,
Will ye your beauty yield, and pass away ?

'FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT.'

FROM night to night, through circling darkness whirled,
 Day dawns, and wanes, and still leaves, as before,
 The shifting tides and the eternal shore :
 Sources of life, and forces of the world,
 Unseen, unknown, in folds of mystery furled,
 Unseen, unknown, remain for evermore :—
 To heaven-hid heights man's questioning soul would
 soar,
 Yet falls from darkness unto darkness hurled !

Angels of light, ye spirits of the air,
 Peopling of yore the dreamland of our youth,
 Ye who once led us through those scenes so fair,
 Lead now, and leave us near the realm of Truth :
 Lo, if in dreams some truths we chanced to see,
 Now in the truth some dreams may haply be.

WOOD-WANDERINGS.

(Summer.)

It is the heat of summer, and I lie
 Couched, by the rillet's brink, on mosses green ;
 Here 'neath the leafy forest's tangled screen
 So cool it is and quiet Time flits by
 On noiseless wing where hamadryads sigh,—
 Where hyacinth and wind-flower bloom between
 The ancient boles of elms, and where unseen
 Trim fairies trip in moonlit revelry.
 Here kindly Nature to each wandering child
 Bids gracious welcome to her forest-shrine ;
 'Come ye,' she cries, 'ye still unreconciled,
 Come ye, and gather roses, and be mine ;
 See, here are orchids, and here 's eglantine,
 And young buds peeping where the spring has smiled.'

WOOD-WANDERINGS.

(Autumn.)

IN green and gold, in purple and dark-red,
Behold, the woods stand robed in stateliest dress ;
Yet soon, too soon, to utter nakedness
Shall Winter strip them, and their vesture shed
Be mingled with the mould on which we tread !
Ah, cruel Winter, that with cold caress
Canst chill the loving hearts that fain would bless
Thy barren hours to blossoming haunts unwed.
Lo, Life and Love, through shadowy mazes led,
Have kissed, and said 'good-bye,' though loth to part ;
Leaving these boughs with berries garlanded,
Leaving pale flowers shrivelled to the heart ;
Farewell, ye woods,—farewell, O forest-dell,
Ye solemn pines, farewell awhile,—farewell !

GIPSIES, NEAR DOLGELLY.

CHILDREN of Nature, nestling through the night
'Mid the woods fearless, as the wild woods free!
Watching, above you, starry orbs of light
Gleam through the moving branches of a tree,—
Say, have ye learnt, in learning's own despite,
More than we know,—O children, do ye see
Further, and deeper, and with a keener sight,
All things beholding as in truth they be?

Nay, for who knoweth, who indeed *can* know,
What in clear vision Life may never show;
What Nature, giving, deigns not to outpour,
Or, in revealing, still conceals from view?
Yet in our heart there is a niche for you,
And ye are welcome,—welcome evermore!

AD MATREM.

ONCE more 'Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,'
Once more the ancient melody soundeth near ;
And still at twilight hour I seem to hear
The soothing numbers and the well-known tune :
Life glideth swiftly by, and past its noon
The day begins to fade, once bright and clear ;
Yet softly falls the cadence on mine ear,
Once more 'Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon.'

Dear, lulling lullaby she sang, how sweet !
While round her child her loving arms she cast,
First sound of music heard, remembered last !
O mother, when in other worlds we meet,
With the same notes my newborn spirit greet,
With the same air we loved in days long past.

TO ONE IN TOWN.

COME back, come back, 'tis Nature bids you come !
 Come back once more to tarn and tangled wood,—
 Come back to glen, and stream, and torrent flood,—
Come back, and 'mid the woodlands make your home :
Too long you quit the birds, the flowers, the dome
 Of forest-boughs,—the dell, where once you stood
 Life-thrilled, and living knew that life was good ;
Too long you miss the bees, the busy hum
 Of painted bodies, and the ceaseless stir
 Of wings,—the sounds, the joy, the passing whirr
Of drone, or dragon-fly,—these, these are thine,
And yet you have them not,—what have you then ?
 The dusky shapes, and care-worn ways, of men :
Come back, come back, to Nature and her shrine !

THE ROMANI TRIBE.

ILL names they give you—ye are out of date—

A troop of idlers in a land of toil—

Rank weeds amid the wheat—robbers that spoil

The husbandman—mere thieves that lie in wait

Around the homestead, by the orchard gate—

Rude Ishmaelites, whose children still would foil

The teacher—brazen tongues, smoother than oil,

That crave our pittance, and reveal our fate.

Ill names they give you,—ye to them have given

Visions of happiness who now reprove you ;

Visions of simple hearts that have not striven

To barter Freedom for a dream of heaven ;

The birds and flowers around, the stars above you,

They share your lot, they welcome, and they love you.

A METAPHYSIC 'CUL DE SAC.'

WE know,—indeed, we know we do not know :

 We think,—but what, my masters, what is 'thought' ?

 The mystery with which the mind is fraught

Mind cannot solve : We see,—yet who can show

We see things as they are ? Ideas grow,—

 Who knows from what, or how ? As leaflets caught

 Up by the passing wind, thoughts come unsought,

Then flee away, and whither do they go ?

Our senses may a web of fancies weave :

 Our brain we fain would use to test our brain :

Yea, what perception is we would perceive ;

 And out of nothing we would something gain :

We cannot prove, and yet we would believe,

 Since unbelief itself is worse than vain.

THE GARDENS OF NEREUS.

'MID deep sea pastures that the dolphins love,
 'Neath rocky bowers hidden far away,
With pearl-strewn grotto and dim coral grove,
And many an amber path where mermaids stray,—
Beyond the tumult of our garrulous day,
 Blooming unseen in ocean's vast alcove,
Behold these gardens that our wonder move
 With sea-flowers brilliant and with pennons gay.

Here Love first blossomed, here was Life first seen,
 In pre-historic eras long ago,
Ere yet from ocean rose the Cyprian Queen,
Or Eve in Eden fain would taste and know ;
And here, when earth-born hearts shall cease to beat,
 Love shall, with Life, still find a last retreat.

LALEHAM.

(19th April, 1888.)

With Thyrsis wandering as in days of old
Haply thou hearkenest 'mid the realms of shade
To him, thy master, by the Rotha laid—¹
No shepherd singing his Sicilian fold,
But the lone minstrel on life's weary wold
Who to the Muse its healing power conveyed.
With Thyrsis—hush, the mists of death are spread
Around the mount of song, nor backward rolled
Shall they the shadow-land to us unfold,
Though here, beside this grave, we bow the head
In silence and deep sorrow. Of the dead,
Whom mortals as immortal now behold,
Yea, of the deathless, let this alone be said—
For truth he battled, true warrior, unafraid !

¹ Wordsworth.

LITERATURE AND NATURE.

'MID Cambrian heights around Dolgelly vale,
What time we scaled great Cader's rugged pile,
Or loitered idly where still meadows smile
Beside the Mawddach-stream, or far Cynfael—
No tome or rhythmic page, no pastoral tale,
Our summer-sated senses would beguile ;
Or lull our ears to melody, the while
The voiceful rill ran lilting down the dale.
In London town once more—behold, once more
The old delight returns ! 'Mid heights how vast,
In Milton's verse, through what dim paths we wind ;
How Keats's canvas glows, and Wordsworth's lore,
As tarn or torrent pure, by none surpass'd,
Sheds light and love—unfathomed, undefined.

HUMAN.

ACROSS the trackless skies thou may'st not wander ;
Thou may'st not tread the infinite beyond ;
In peace possess thy soul, reflect and ponder,
Full brief thy gaze tho' Nature's magic wand
Light up an universe, and bid thee wonder !
What though beyond the sea there may be land
Where grows the vine, where blooms the oleander,
Where verdure gleams amid the desert sand,—
Yet not for thee those foreign, fertile spaces,
Remote, unseen, unknown, though known to be !
Thy home is here, and here beloved faces
Make sweet and fair the home and heart of thee ;
Thy home is here, and here thy heart embraces
Life's joy and hope, love, truth, and liberty !

ROSA MARIAE.

RARE, mystic symbol of the life newborn,
Rejuvenescent to the dews of heaven !
Sweet spirit-flower, by stormy wind-blast torn
Up by the root, and through dark regions driven
Far from the Eden of your home at morn,
Lo, dropt in peace, at the still hour of even
You bloom once more,—once more by love upborne
To your expanding boughs new grace is given.

Pure, perfect token of Life's deathless power,
From age to age,—now here, now elsewhere seen !
Now gracing with its gift love's vernal bower,
Now leaving desert tracts where it hath been ;
For ever dying, yet for ever living—
New forms unfolding, and new beauty giving.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

A MARTYR'S crown we bind around thy brow :
Yea, though unworthy be our halting strain,
Thy glorious death shall not be sung in vain :
Brave men have died, yet who so brave as thou !
O noblest Bruno, what could thee endow
With strength to speak those words of bold disdain,—
' Bear ye the blame as I will bear the pain !'—
What, but the truth ? Therefore to thee we bow !

From thee was wrung no weak despairing cry :
Thou didst not falter for thy life's dear sake :
Retract thou wouldst not, nor thy faith deny ;
Nor could death's doom thy steadfast spirit shake :
Let falsehood tremble, and let false hearts quake,
Truth ever lives, and Bruno shall not die.

THE CABINET.

SEE now these crystals : This is *celestine*,—
This *amethyst*,—and this, yes, *cinnabar* ;
You note the perfect shape, no flaw to mar
The sheer-cut sides, the ever-glistening sheen
Of point and facet ! Look, where have you seen
Work done more deftly ? While each crystal star
Hath its own form, deep in this *Iceland-spar*
Lurk hidden rainbows,—azure, gold, and green !
You saw them not ere now, yet now you see
Their iridescence ! What, how came they there ?
And who, who formed the crystals ? Nay, forbear,
Ask not ! Perchance, methinks, the powers that be,
The immanent laws, the innate forces, share
A birthright ancient as eternity.

ON THE SUMMIT.

UPWARD, still upward, mounts our path,—the track
 'Mid rock and shingle hides. Here, bleak and bare,
 Gaunt cliffs confront us—clearer grows the air,
 Keener the blast,—below, than night more black,
 Yawns the dread chasm,—upward, not looking back,
 We scale the summit's citadel, we share
 Its cairn-crowned height. The view, how vast, how fair !
 'All things behold !' we cry :—But ah, alack !
 That line far-off where hill and valley end,
 That line of blue the sundering ocean is ;
 We climb the heights of knowledge, where ascend
 The wisest of all time, yet learn but this,—
 Beyond man's utmost sight there still must be
 Limitless vistas and a boundless sea.

IN THE WOODS OF SWEET CHESTNUT.

WHERE still Varenna wears her cypress-crown
At eve amid the chestnut-woods I lay ;
The twilight lingered with the little town,
Then round by Cadenabbia stole away :
The dim woods darkened at the set of day ;
Yet where the forest-shadows lowering frown
Like fairies with their lamps the fire-flies stray,
Lighting their lanterns as the sun goes down.

There in the dusk, in silence resting there,
Was it a Spirit-Voice I heard declare—
Some Pixy of the Woods that stopped to say—
'Eternal are the skies and infinite ;
Eternal are the stars that shine so bright ;
But here a little while the fire-flies play.'

TO-DAY.

BUT yesterday thou wast the Morrow,—gay
With pictured joys, and plans, and pleasant dreaming ;
A land of promise, with rich treasure teeming ;
To-morrow shalt thou be but Yesterday,
With all thy dreams forgot and past away !
To-day thou art as nothing, scarcely seeming
Worthy a moment's thought,—a brief light gleaming
Down vistaed avenues,—a fleeting ray !
To-day ! And yet To-day shall live for ever,
In every heart an everlasting mark ;—
The tides of time shall ebb and flow, yet never
Efface the deathless traces of To-day !
To-day, who will may work, who will may play,
Soon, soon, the night shall come, the night is dark.

THE SOLITARY.

THREADING the busy streets and noisy town,
With face uncovered but with heart concealed,
Wearing no domino, yet unrevealed,
Man walks in solitude, and lives unknown !
What though the orbs that throng yon azure zone
Through countless ages have in concert wheeled,
Though glory unto glory hath appealed,
Man, hapless man, still moves and dwells alone.

Nor whence he comes, nor whither goes, nor why—
Though we may ask, will any voice reply !
A greater mystery must we yet declare,
A mightier wonder must our wonder crown,
He is,—O list, ye hills and meadows fair !
Not more to others than to self unknown.

NANTGLYN.

THE land is full of fragrance and wild-roses,
 Rich elder-bloom, brown clover, and sweet briar ;
 And here, in rustic garb and plain attire,
 Within its sheltering nook Nantglyn reposes :
 Here Summer lingers long, and Life discloses
 The honeyed sweets of satisfied desire ;
 Here Autumn gleans her crops of golden fire,
 And here old Winter by the ingle dozes.

An Eden surely, with no snake beguiling,—
 No fruit to make man wiser than before ;
 No Tree of Knowledge, but a garden smiling
 With gifts that leave him simple evermore :
 Yet here to dwell, here lotus-flowers to cull,—
 O life how dreary, and Paradise how dull !

WHAT HOPE IS THINE?

O HEART, O beating heart, what hope is thine?
What longing sweeter than all things that be,
Fills thy fair soul with mute expectancy,
Waiting the advent, watching for a sign
To mark the coming of thy lord divine?
What light that other mortals may not see,
O heart, what hidden light makes bright for thee
The sad hours when no radiant sunbeams shine?

Is thine a hope no treacherous tongue can slay?
Can never changeful fortune sound its knell?
Is thine a light more glorious than the day,
More rich than wealth or fickle fame can tell?
If this be so, if this be what you say,—
Then heart, O heart, with thee 'tis surely well.

A GIPSY GIRL.

AMID the daffodils in yonder dell,
Wild, dark-eyed daughter of a wandering race,
Won by the working of a woodland spell,
I watch, unseen, the vision of your face ;
For you the cadence of this Sabbath-bell
Bears no sweet summons to a holier place,
Yet still the glen-flowers and lent-lilies tell
To you of peace, of purity, and grace.

And I, with creed as simple as your own,
With no place holier on the earth than this,
Still built upon the Truth behold the Throne,
And in each loving heart a sacred bliss :—
Yet if, beyond the skies, to worlds unknown
I fain would wander, I the pathway miss.

WORSHIP.

THE Indian loved on Fancy's wing to soar
To western climes where mighty hunters dwelt ;
On dewy turf, by mountain stream, he knelt
And prayed for help to reach that happy shore.
Adoring Israelites in days of yore,
'Neath shrines of shining gems and bossy gold,
Bent down to Him of Whom the prophets told :
Whilst Greeks in terror 'mid the tempest's roar
Poured forth, with prayer, their sacrificial store ;
And Druid priests, beneath the Sacred Tree,
Salvation sought with rites now known no more :—
Thus hath each shore, thus hath each billowy sea,
With varying voices, raised one piteous cry,
One prayer for aid, nor waited for reply.

WHARFEDALE, 1859.

GENESIS.

IN the beginning !—Nay, there never was
 The day, forsooth, that knew no yesterday !
 Let Fancy be your steed, and ride straightway
 Back through the Past—nor stop, nor lingering pause ;
 Each stride an era ! Yea, no less, because
 The road runs far ! Then reach, if so you may,
 The primal limit of this long array,
 Fast-fitting moments and eternal laws.

It may not be ! Far back tho' you may go,
 Beyond still looms an earlier age, and still
 Old Time hath yet remoter days to show ;
 Before wild-roses bloomed the daffodil,—
 Before the daffodil the crocus reigned,—
 Before your chaos an older kosmos waned.

NATURE.

THIS mount shall be our fane, a holy place !

No acolyte shall swing the thurible,

Nor whispering worshipper his rosary tell ;

No priest shall here stand robed in lawn and lace ;

But the Eternal shall look down through space,

And we will gaze and wonder :—it is well !

Here where the heath-flower and the wild thyme dwell,

How sweet is life, how fair, how full of grace !

In place of prayer we'll chant our joyous praise,

And with glad voices sing in Nature's choir :

These lines of fir shall see on Sabbath-days

Our faces flushing with our heart's desire,

As up the mountain-side, through wooded ways,

We seek that peace to which our souls aspire.

LIBERTY.

YET what is Liberty? To scale the height
 Of loftiest freedom, vassals to no foe,—
 To watch the battling multitudes, and know
 Our land is free, nor dreads a conqueror's might,—
 To gain this vantage-ground, and then to smite
 Our struggling neighbour in the plain below,
 To slay, enslave, and rule?—If this be so,
 Then farewell, Freedom ! farewell, Love's pure light !

Yet what is Liberty? To yield the right
 Of others to be free ; to deem it sin
 That fain would bind, forsooth, and blast, and blight,
 Free lands, free homes, that greed may reign therein ?
 Yes, this is Liberty,—this is to be free
 From shameful lust, from shameless tyranny.

IN TRANSITU.

AND yet to rest ! to rest here from the strife
Of angry tongues that vex the weary soul
With dissonant speech ;—to gain, and grasp the whole
Dark mystery that shrouds our earthly life,
And then to rest, to strive with doubt no more !
Unmoved to sit and watch the ceaseless wave
Of changing creeds roll onward to the shore,
And cresting, break and die ;—unmoved to brave
The taunts of wild fanatics, and the roar
Of halting crowds, that in their darkness rave
Against the light of reason ;—and to be
Like some fair ship in sheltered haven moored,
Safe from the storm, by no vain meteor lured
To track dark phantoms o'er a pathless sea !

OXFORD, 1864.

MEMORIALS OF TRAVEL.

It is not idle that the soul should store
 Memorials of its wandering. Can the heart
 From Castellamare or Albano part
Without one gift to keep for evermore,—
One treasured trophy of each town or shore
 Where our steps lingered? Nay, on memory's chart
 May not some flower, or shell, or waif of art,
Still mark Venezia, or recall Lodore?

Far have we wandered through the realm of Thought,
 Far down the faery dells of Dreamland been,
These are the relics that we home have brought,
 The tribute of the lands that we have seen ;
Here now, a soul's memorial, let them lie,—
Dim, rhythmic symbols of the life gone by.

LE SAPPEY.

FROM Grésivaudan's vine-clad vale we turn,
We seek Le Sappey and its mountain home ;
Wandering afar 'mid these lone peaks we roam,
Here fain the world's unwisdom to unlearn :
For Chamacaude awhile our heart doth yearn ;
There 'neath the uplifted heaven's empyreal dome
Haply the New Light waits us !—Hush, we come
To Nature's inner realm where men discern
Unveiled, revealed, the Verities of Life !
Teach us, O Nature, teach us, 'mid thy strife,
More than of old the old-world prophets taught ;
Teach us thy truth ! Ah, now thy voice we hear,—
To the Eternal Laws obedient, Thought
Through them—with them—shall reign, and know no fear.

A PERSIAN APOLOGUE.

LOVE came to crave sweet love, if love might be ;
To the Belovèd's door he came, and knocked :—
'And who art thou ?' she asked,—'we know not thee !'
Then shyly listened, nor the door unlocked.
Love answered, 'It is I !' 'Nay, thee and me
This house will never hold.'—'Twas thus she mocked
His piteous quest ; and, weeping, home went he,
While thro' the night the moaning plane-tree rocked.
Three seasons sped, and lo, again Love came ;
Again he knocked ; again in simple wise,
'Pray, who is there ?' she asked,—'What is thy name ?'
But Love had learnt the magic of replies,—
'It is Thyself !' he whispered, and behold,
The door was opened, and love's mystery told.

DAISY.

(Ætat. 4.)

WHEN crowned with innocence we watch her go
Far down the garden-path, her faery-land,
The budding rose-trees then more sweetly blow,
Each guardian angel waves a fragrant wand ;
The gauze-winged dragon-fly starts up to show
His fiery marvel of a rainbow-brand,
And as she passes by the robins know
How they must sing their best at her command !
She is our Faery-Queen whose forest rings
With bursts of merriment and thrills of glee ;
She is our 'eye of day,' whose dawning brings
To-light the wonders of earth, sky, and sea ;
Our love is she, re-risen,—and she sings
Of bliss new-born, great joy that yet shall be.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

ARE these God's tenants of the house of life,
From age to age this pitiless, pitiful gang?
This 'slaughter,' like a wolf with bloody fang;
This hungry 'hatred,' with the uplifted knife;
This 'envy,' snake-bound witch, fame's hapless wife;
Are these the tenants whose discordant clang
Startled the morn when erst from chaos sprang
This mocking kosmos of a world at strife?

See, round the gateway gathered still they stand,
The rightful owners—outcast, beaten, banned!
Love, Truth, and Liberty!—these seek once more
Life's ancient heritage to gain and hold:
Ah, is it true, or but a fable told,
These were God's tenants in the days of yore?

THE PORTAL.

THIS was the vision : On an eastern strand
An ancient portal rose up to my view :
A massive arch that all things must pass through,
Ere their true meaning Man could understand :
It seemed a gateway built of God's own hand,
Whose hidden age no mortal ever knew,—
Existent then what time man's knowledge grew,
And in the eternal past divinely planned.
Upon its hallowed front long years untold
Had worn the letters once full plainly writ,—
'Experience is the Portal, and behold,
The knowledge that ye seek must pass through it ;
Lo, its wide gates swing loosely, as of old,
All truth and useful wisdom to admit.'

, RELIGIO LAICI.

The creed of creeds, the holiest and most true,
 That the soul knows ere yet the ears receive,—
 That with our heartstrings we together weave,
 And deem diviner than gods old or new !
 That of each tangled skein can give the clue ;
 That saith, ‘ Behold, I cannot thee aggrieve,
 This, this, at least, is true ! then, this believe,
 And this will teach thee what things thou shouldst do.’

‘What is this creed, this talisman,’ we cry,
 ‘So strangely gifted and so little known ?
 Nay, tell us, nay, proclaim it from on high,
 That all may heed, and take it as their own.’—
 O creed of creeds ! If Love be but your creed,
 No more than love to guide you shall you need !

THE CITY OF GOD.

THE CITY OF GOD.

COME hither, nor wander,—but whither
 Shall they go who would find the abode?
 Many ages men journey together
 Still seeking the City of God.

Come hither, nor wander, O Spirit
 Of Man, in the maze of thy mind;
 What solace, what joy, or what merit,
 Shouldst thou in such wandering find?

Come hither, but whither?—nay, truly
 Many prophets have told us the way,
 Yet the cities we found were but newly-
 Built dwellings of stucco and clay.

‘Come hither, O Spirit, come hither !’
Shrieked teachers of blasphemous din ;
‘Come hither, ye sinners !’—and thither
Went Folly, and Sorrow, and Sin.

‘Come hither,’ cried Calvin, ‘Hell waits you
Predestined to torture and pain
Everlasting ; God made you, He hates you—
Good deeds shall ye do but in vain !’

‘Come hither,’ Rome thundered, ‘come hither,
To the marvels of Orient birth,
To prodigies, miracles,’—thither
Fled a maniac-tenanted earth.

And ever they hasten, and ever,
With the eager impetuous roar
Of a torrent-fed mountain-girt river,
They rush to their shrines and adore.

But the Desert still widens around them ;
And the Mirage that led them is gone ;

And their numberless teachers confound them
With dogmas of brass and of stone ;

Till they cry, ' Is it vain, our endeavour
To find out the sacred abode ?
Is it vain ?—then in vain, yet for ever,
We will seek for the City of God !'

' Full wisely and well was it spoken,—
" Who seeketh he truly shall find ;"
And the hope in our hearts is the token
Of the peace in God's city enshrined.'

* * * * *

O Vista of infinite Beauty !
Lo, our feet with new rapture are shod ;
See, there is the Pathway of Duty,
And it leads to the City of God.

'O BIRDS, O HAPPY BIRDS.'

I.

O BIRDS, O happy Birds,
That flit across the seas,
That skim the golden rivers,
And float upon the breeze,—
Give us your wings of rapture,
Give us your wealth of song,
Give us the power to capture
Joys that to you belong.

II.

O thou that from the grass
Soar'st upward to the sky,
Wilt thou, glad Spirit, teach us
Far from this earth to fly,

Far from the boding shadows,
Far from the barren shore,
O Lark, above the meadows
Singing for evermore ?

III.

Though sad the Peewits cry
Across the fields forlorn,
Though harsh the Landrail craketh
Unseen amid the corn,
Despite their weird insistence
Your welcome notes shall show
Blest is all blithe existence ;
Joy beckons, and we go.

IV.

And still the Swallows fleet
Dart by on airy wing
Where in the stream the willows
Their wind-blown tresses fling ;
Why haste they in mad riot,—
Swift meteors of mid-day !
Too joyous to be quiet,
Too eager to delay ?

v.

Yet, Seagulls, yet to you,
Slow-sailing thro' the air,
To you, to you is given
The calm we too would share ;
Above life's changeful ocean
On tranquil wing to soar,
And float in dreamlike motion
Though loud the storm-winds roar.

vi.

Then as the sun goes down
Resplendent in the west,
While far aloft the Wild-fowl
Fly homeward to their rest,
Each poet void of sadness
Shall join the lyric throng,—
Shall tune to bird-like gladness
The last notes of his song.

FINITE AND INFINITE.

I.

I sit on the sands by the sea,
 While the tired tides wearily flow ;
 And the waves seem to whisper to me
 Strange truths that I know not, or know :
 The lore of past ages they bring
 As they break on the shore at my feet ;
 And the finite and infinite meet
 In the words of the song that they sing :—
 If the universe be but One,
 If the bloom be one with the tree,—
 Though the day that hath been is done,
 The thing that hath been shall be.

II.

I gaze o'er the watery plain
 Till the heavens reach down to the sea,
 And I cry as I gaze thus in vain
 At what is not, but seemeth to be ;—

O finite and limited Man !

Ever longing to travel through space,
Yet fastened and fixed in one place,
Running forward the length of a span,—
If each part with the whole be One,
If the bloom be one with the tree,
Though the day that hath been is done,
The thing that hath been shall be.

III.

Still in vain do we struggle to pass
The horizon that limits our sight ;
But darkly to-day through a glass
We see, and soon cometh the night :
And what in the future shall be,
Or what in the past may have been,
Ere the sun and the sunlight were seen,
Lies far on the infinite sea !
While the whispering waves sing on,—
If the bloom be one with the tree,
Though the day that hath been is done,
The thing that hath been shall be.

THE PARADISE OF SONG.

ONCE more unto the gates I come ;
Once more I stand and wait ;
I hear again the distant hum
Of hymns to Beauty consecrate.

The Twilight shadows gather round ;
The golden sun goes down ;
Once more the wooded heights resound
With lilt and lay that Love would crown.

Before the gates again I wait,
And rhythmic Voices hear ;
Not theirs the message that too late
Come they who beauty still revere.

But 'Welcome, welcome!' still they cry,
These voices from above;—
'Welcome!' the echoing cliffs reply,
'Welcome, the songs of Life and Love!

LA FONTAINE D'AMOUR.

I.

FAR off in a glen of the mountain,
Engirdled by forests of pine,
Was, they whispered, the legended fountain,
Love's mystical fountain and shrine ;
There the Angels descended at even
To list to the nightingale's song,
And they left there the guerdon of Heaven,
The gift of a love that is strong.

II.

Then I said, 'I will go and behold it,
This sacred sweet fountain of love !
Tho' I know not the dark groves that fold it,
The leafy green haunts of the dove ;

Tho' I know not the mazy recesses,
And glades where the Dryads recline,—
Where the forest bends down and caresses,
I will kneel at this leaf-hidden shrine.'

III.

So I rose, and passed forth from the city,
Through the granite-built gate of the town ;
Nor heeded the dread of banditti,
Nor the surly priest's darkening frown ;
But on, and still on, never resting
By roadside, or river, or dell,
I sped like an arrow, attesting
The might of Love's magical spell.

IV.

Away, and away, in the gladness
And glamour of youth and delight,
I fled past the pilgrims in sadness
Returning to rest for the Night ;
But diverging the road soon divided,
And left me in doubt on the way ;
And an echoing torrent derided
My spirit that brooked not delay.

v.

There the Swallows above the blue water
Were darting, and down on the lea
While tending her young lambs the daughter
Of a yeoman stood gazing at me ;—
And I thought, ' Surely, born on this mountain
Yon gentle, fair Maiden will know
The path that leads up to the Fountain,
And will tell me the way I should go.'

vi.

Then I asked her, but blushing and sighing,
And cooing more soft than the dove,
She modestly whispered, replying
That her heart was the fountain of Love ;
Yet I doubted, and doubting departed
From that simple, sweet, innocent maid ;
Thro' the forest I rushed eager-hearted,
Nor conquered, nor wholly dismayed.

vii.

Was it days, was it weeks that I wandered,—
Or, in sooth, many months, many years,
'Mid those mazy recesses meandered,
Oft mingling my rapture with tears ?

But never the Fountain, ah, never
That pure lucid spring could I see ;
And with sorrow I thought that for ever
That fount might be hidden from me.

VIII.

When lo, in the Twilight at even,—
Alone, far away from the world,—
Where the Angels descended from Heaven
As the shadows of Night were unfurled,
Lo, there stood the Fountain before me,
And fainting my heart was undone,
But the spirit of gladness upbore me,
And the sense of a victory won.

IX.

Yet where were the lovers ? No maiden
With her wooer was there to be seen,—
No Phoebus, no Phryne love-laden,
No Cypris of old that had been ;
But there by the brink of the fountain,
The Fountain of Love undefiled,
Alone there with God on the mountain
A Mother lay clasping her Child.

*'LOVE COMES NO MORE, OR RARELY
COMES.'*

Love comes no more, or rarely comes
Again to his deserted homes ;
To hearts that once have loved, and yet
Must now remember to forget.

So thought I as but yesterday
I passed out with Louise to play
Upon the lawn at battledore ;
Yet 'love is love for evermore !'

Our game soon ended, 'neath the limes
We sat and talked of olden times :—
'Two years ago ! 'Tis long,' she said,
'Since last we met : we thought you dead !'

A sadness as of discontent
Was in her loving speech, that lent
Enchantment to the linden-trees ;
I spoke her name, I said—' Louise,

' When last we met, too young, 'tis true,
Was my heart's love for love of you ;
Will you forgive if I avow
You loved me then, I love you now ?'

She turned, a smile was on her face ;
She turned but for a moment's space ;
Yet ere her hand in mine she'd lay,
Her downward glances seemed to say,

' At battledore too long we've play'd,
Now you, now I—yet I'm afraid :
Will you be true if I too vow
I loved you then, I—love you now ?'

DII.

‘Hecataeus, the historian of Miletus, who lived 500 B.C., expresses the opinion that for some 900 years the Gods had no longer taken women for their wives.’—BÜCHNER.

AH, fickle lovers, foolish Gods !
 Inconstant as the wind !
 Your power hath faded from the earth,
 Your memory from mankind.

Unwise, unwise,—ah, well-away !
 And could ye not foresee
 How soon without those loving wives
 Extinct your race must be ?

The ploughman hastens to his home :
 The thrush a mate hath found ;
 But ye have vanished from our view,
 Nor with your deeds astound.

LINES WRITTEN BY RYDAL WATER.

WORSHIP was a holy Maid,
Faith a Refuge in the shade ;
Gossips tell me both are gone—
Tell me, Love, dost *thou* live on ?

Then for wedded heart and head
Thou shalt make the marriage-bed ;
Wisdom as his Bride shall take
Pity for the hearts that ache !

Lo, the children she shall bear,
Shall Love's garland ever wear ;
Holy children shall they be,
Honor, Joy, and Charity.

NAPOLI.

(Vedi Napoli e poi mori.)

‘Metropolis of a ruined Paradise.’

SHELLEY.

I.

O NAPOLI, methinks thou art
A traitor with a treacherous heart ;
Or Siren, singing by the sea,
To lure men from true liberty ;
A shameless mermaid-courtesan,
To waylay, cozen, and trepan ;
And cruel thou hast cheated me,
O Napoli, O Napoli !

II.

By Virgil’s tomb—thrice-happy fate !
A week, or more, I lived elate ;
It stands, the house where we did stay,
(Palazzo named Torlonia,)

Where the Chiaja hath its end,
And Margellina takes a bend,—
By Maro's bones 'twas grand to be
By Maro's tomb, O Napoli !

III.

Each morn the Mantuan might have heard
Our song, forsooth, as word by word,
'Virumque cano' and the rest,
We sang with true poetic zest :
Where Petrarch, where Boccaccio,
Had worshipped at Posilipo,
We dwelt, and there 'twas good to be—
Was it not good, O Napoli !

IV.

Wise Falcioni was mine host,
And kinder soul can no man boast ;
He roundly laughed, then shook his head ;
Then laughed again, and, pointing, said,
'There, there is Virgil's tomb, but there
The bones of Virgil never were !'
It was a sham,—mere roguery
To bring thee trade, O Napoli !

v.

Men say, 'See Naples, and then die !'
'See Naples, and there learn to lie'—
Perchance, were wiser, and more true
To Nature that here winks at you.
O wily, wanton, Siren fair !
To sing thy praise we will not dare
We will not sigh nor die for thee,
O Napoli, O Napoli !

IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE !

I.

'MID sugar-plums and prattle,
 The rosy children play !
 The infant hath his rattle,
 And he shakes it all the day :
 Sweet music is its sound,
 And pleasant is its spell ;
 And never yet he found
 A toy he loved so well :—
 Then while the world goes round
 Who would not have his rattle,
 And still, 'mid ceaseless prattle,
 Cry, 'Vive la bagatelle !'

2.

Thro' love-sick youthful years we
Love once, and love once more ;
And vow each time, with tears, we
Have ne'er loved so before :—
We love Marie so sweet,
We love sweet Isabelle,
Mathilde, or Marguerite,
We love them all so well :
And while soft glances greet,
And kind is any maiden,
We still shall cry, love-laden,
Our 'Vive la bagatelle !'

3.

In manhood's eager battle
Each plays a close-fought game,
To make the guineas rattle,
Or gain a passing fame ;
And still some conquest new
Must please us with its spell,
Till he, the man who slew,
Lies near the man who fell ;—

Ah me, yon noisy crew !

He sleeps through all their rattle ;

Whilst others in life's battle

Cry, ' Vive la bagatelle ! '

OMNIA SOMNIA.

'Go, silly worm, drudge, trudge, and travel,
 Despising pain, so thou may'st gain
 Some honour, or some golden gravel,—'
SYLVESTER.

AND thou, Sylvester, didst thou find,
 Awaking in the Night,
 The Dreamland of the human mind
 Laid bare unto thy sight?

And didst thou see a 'mighty smoke'
 From 'burning matter' mount,
 Was it the Pride of foolish folk
 Death deems of small account?

Renown a wreath that fades, and Fame
 A road to Melancholy,—
 The Mirage of a deathless name
 Mere dreams and idle folly?

So be it ! Yet the vision comes
Of effort not in vain,
Of honest labour, happy homes ;—
Nor shall the Muse complain,

Tho' what we seek may ne'er be ours,
If 'mid the toil and strife,
And in the blossoming of our powers
We find the crown of life.

THE NEW EPIPHANY.

AWAKE, awake ! Nay, slumber not, nor sleep !
Forth from the dreamland and black dome of night,
From chaos and thick darkness, from the deep
Of formless being, comes a gracious light,
Gilding the crystal seas, and casting round
A golden glory on the enchanted ground ;—
Awake, O souls of harmony, and ye
That greet the day-spring with your jubilee
Of lute and harp ! Awake, awake, and bring
Your well-tuned cymbals, and go forth with glee,
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

Far o'er the hills have not the watchful sheep
Espied their shepherd, and with eager flight
Gone forth to meet him on the craggy steep ;
Hasting the while his summoning notes invite

Where riper grasses and green herbs abound :—
But ye ! your shepherd calls, thrice-happy sound !
He comes, he comes, your shepherd-king, 'tis he !
Oh, quit these close-cropped meads, and gladly flee
To him who makes once more new growths upspring ;
Oh, quit your ancient glebes,—oh, joyfully
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

Too long ye till exhausted lands, and reap
Thin crops that ne'er your weary toil requite :
Too long your laggard oxen labouring creep
Up the wide furrows, and full idly smite
The weed-encircled ridge, the rocky mound :
Will ye not quit these fields now barren found ?
Ah, ye are old, yet not too old to be
Brave travellers o'er bald custom's boundary ;—
Then each, let each his robe around him fling,
And with his little one, his child, set free,
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

See, on the strand, watching the waves that sweep
Their creamy ripples up the sandy bight,
Your child waits, leaping as the wavelets leap,

The faery infant of the infinite !
Ah, happy child, with what new wonders crowned
He'll turn to thee, to fathom and expound ;
Asking, enquiring, looking unto thee
To solve the universe, its destiny ;—
And still unto thy vestment's hem will cling,
Asking, enquiring,—whispering, ' May not we
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king ? '

Oh, linger not ! No longer vainly weep
O'er vanished hopes, but with new strength unite ;
Oh, linger not ! But let your glad eyes keep
Watch on this guiding star that beams so bright ;
Around your brows be this phylacter bound,—
' Let Truth be king, and let his praise resound ! '
Oh, linger not ! Let earth, and sky, and sea,
To sound his praises let all hearts agree !
Still loud, and louder, let your paeans ring,
Go forth, go forth, in glad exultancy
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

FOR Giotto's Tower,
Well, half-an-hour
Might suffice ;
So walk around,
And step the ground
Twice or thrice !

'Twas Florence raised it ;
And Ruskin praised it—
What, not nice !
Nay, if you doubt it,
Say naught about it,
Is my advice.

FIRENZE, 1892.

THE FOES AT HOME.

BY LODOVICO DELLA VERNACCIA.—A.D. 1200.

If ye, O Citizens, the honoured theme
Of our high purpose will now hold in view,
Your comment on the text, is it not true,
Will surely be that we as children seem !
Yet, if awhile ye do not idle deem
Our strifes intestine to revolve anew,
Methinks your heads ye'll bow with reverence due,
Nor lightly all our thorny griefs esteem.
What though now chastened be each foreign foe—
His onset routed and his blood outpoured—
Not therefore must the sword be laid aside,
But 'gainst our foes at home must deal the blow,
And in their traitorous blood once more be dyed :
For only great and terrible is the sword !

LA CONSTANCE SPERANZA.

(FROM FRA GUITTONE D'AREZZO.)

ERE now, a thousand times by Love distressed,
 I am constrained to do myself Death's wrong,
 Unable to withstand the rude and strong
 Unhallowed grief I feel within my breast :
 Well can you see with what despite possessed
 My heart is moved ; and how I haste along,
 And fain by cruel fate would join the throng
 That line death's shore, in search of joyful rest.

But when upon Life's utmost verge I stand
 Your boundless pity holds me back and cries,
 ' Haste not your parting to that distant land ;
 Your youth, your faithfulness, rule otherwise.'
 Thus while to stay you pray me and command,
 For me I hope bliss in the future lies.

FROM LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Who would, but cannot—what he can, should will !

'Tis vain to will the thing we ne'er can do ;

Therefore that man we deem the wisest, who

Seeks not mere futile longing to fulfil.

Our pleasure, as our pain, dependeth still

On knowledge of will's power ; this doth imbue,

With strength who yield to duty what is due,

Nor reason wrest from her high domicile.

Yet what thou canst not always shouldst thou will,

Or gratified thy wish may cost a tear,

And bitter prove what seemed most sweet to view :

Last in thy heart this truth we would instil,—

Wouldst thou to self be true, to others dear,

Will to be able, what thou oughtst, to do.

SONNET BY RAPHAEL.

' Un pensier dolce erimembrare e godo
Di quello assalto—'

How sweet the Memory when again I think
Of that embrace,—how sweet the Joy ! Yet sad
The grievous loss that I at parting had
As sank my Star beneath the dark Sea's brink.
Now breaking silence Truth I will not blink,
But will confess how Love, a traitor chief,
Then played me false to my own speechless grief ;
Tho' him I thank, nor from his praise would shrink.
The sixth Hour was it, and the Sun had set,—
And in its place another Orb arose ;
A time for deeds methought, and not for speech ;
Yet vanquished by the Fires that in me met,
Voiceless I still remained unto the close ;
Nor could with burning words my Love beseech.

L'AMOUR FUGITIF.

(From Philippe Desportes.)

THIS little child, young Love so blind,
His mother seeks him gone astray ;
And as she seeks him she may find,
Hid in my heart, the runaway.

Betwixt the twain there's to my mind
No little danger in delay ;—
The mother's dangerous I've divined,
And dangerous is the child they say.

He, if retained, will scorch my heart,
And if I bid him thence depart,
He still to me will cruel prove :—

Nay, in my heart, Child, shalt thou stay ;
Yet closer would I fold thee, Love,
So nestling burn less fierce, I pray.

TO THOMAS FARNABIE.

(On Editing the Tragedies of Seneca.)

From Hugo Hollandius.

LIFE's mirror, and life's teacher, is the Stage,—
 And to the Stage life the Tragedian gives ;
 Throned 'mid tragedians Seneca still lives,
 And thou, whose light here gleams upon his page.

Each star pre-eminent, each classic sage,
 That shines supreme, from thee his light derives ;
 By thee restored, the Tragic Muse revives,—
 Whence may thy praise be sung from age to age.

Nor Leyden nor let London claim, entailed
 For their sole heritage, thy treasured store,—
 Whiche'er thou choosest as thy home to be ;

But read in every town for evermore,
 By slanderous tongues untouched, by none assailed,
 May Time's dread tyranny now yield to thee.

SIRMIO.

‘Paeninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque ocelle.’

OF all wave-cinctured lands the world can show,—
 Yea, of all fairest isles, though fair they be,—
 The fairest thou, in lake or that vast sea
 Which Neptune rules,—‘venusta Sirmio’!

Nay, do we dream, forsooth, or is it so,
 That Thynia left, and left Bithynia, we
 Now fondly gaze, and gaze at last on thee,—
 On thee, O fair, O fairest Sirmio!

Ah, happy heart! here restful will we lie,
 Without a care, without one cause for sigh;
 Though travel-weary, home!—and ere they know,

‘Hail, hail, all hail!’ we cry, with loving voice—
 ‘And ye, ye Lydian waves, laugh and rejoice!
 Once more thy master greets thee, Sirmio!’

THE WATERMAMMA.

‘ Throughout the whole of Guiana there is a superstitious dread of a strange being, the Watermamma, which like the Nippen of Norway, the Gnomes, Goblins, and other semi-spiritual beings of Europe, the Jinns of Asia, and the Jumbies of Africa, takes a demoniacal delight in waylaying and murdering travellers. ’—WATERTON.

THIS is the Watermamma,—fiend elect

To scare stray wanderers through Guiana land ;

Dread water-spirit, ’mid the reeds erect

You may have seen him in the shadow stand :—

The Watermamma, when the moon is fleck’d

With hurtling clouds, stalks lone along the strand ;

What is the Watermamma ? The defect

Of those who see, but do not understand !

The Watermamma hath, (this all respect,)

A multitude of names at his command ;

Gnome, demon, goblin, or jum-jum—reject

His creed, a heretic thou shalt be bann’d !

While Europe boasts Beelzebub, reflect,

Guiana, too, should have a ghoul at hand.

NOTES.

Page 54. "Cynicht is one of the most attractive mountains in Wales. Beheld from the level ground of Traeth Mawr, between Beddgelert and Port Madoc, it rises direct from the vale to the summit, presenting the appearance of an immense cone." It is sometimes referred to as the Welsh Matterhorn, but it is more secluded and less frequently visited than the Swiss mountain. In some respects, Cader Idris (the "Giant's Seat") is perhaps more attractive than Cynicht. Penmaen (or, as it is more usually named, Penmaen Pool) is situate about two miles from Dolgelly.

Page 89. The first four lines of D. G. Rossetti's translation of this sonnet by Dante are as follows :

"Two ladies to the summit of my mind
Have clomb, to hold an argument of love ;
The one has wisdom with her from above,
For every noblest virtue well design'd ;"

The expression "the summit of my mind" seems to have been taken by Rossetti from Lyell's blank verse rendering of the sonnet, published about fifty years ago, beginning—

"Two ladies on the summit of my mind
Their station take, to hold discourse of love."

The third and fourth lines of the sonnet in the original are—

"L'una ha in sè cortesia e valore,
Prudenzia ed onestate 'n compagnia."

Page 150. At the Synod held at Dort (Dordrecht) in 1618-19 the leading Dutch theologians, together with delegates from Hesse, England, the Palatinate, Bremen, and Switzerland, assembled to consider and decide the *Quinquarticular Controversy*, in which the disputants were the Calvinists (Gomarists) on the one hand, and the Arminians (Zwinglians) on the other. The disputation was carried on for nearly seven months, and the Arminians were eventually condemned.

The Calvinists were designated 'Gomarists,' after their leader, Francis Gomarus, the colleague, yet bitter opponent, of James Arminius, professor of theology at Leyden. They held that the greater part of the human race were excluded from divine 'grace,' whereas the Arminians embraced the Lutheran doctrine, which excluded no one absolutely from eternal salvation (see Mosheim's Hist., Bk. IV.).

Page 152. Château Freyr, formerly the ancestral seat of the Beaufort-Spontin family, is situate on the banks of the River Meuse between Dinant and Givet.

Page 164. Matthew Arnold was buried at Laleham on the 19th April, 1888.

Page 166. "How much more useful, because more humble, the labour of great masters might have been, had they been content to bear record of the souls that were dwelling with them on earth, instead of striving to give a deceptive glory to those they dreamed of in heaven."—Ruskin ("Lectures on Art," p. 17).

Page 168 :

"Bear ye the blame, as I will bear the pain."

Such were the words addressed by Giordano Bruno to the judges who sentenced him to death in the Palace of San

Severino at Rome on the 9th February, A.D. 1600. The following is an account of his execution :

"The 17th February dawns, and the day of his death is here. To the Champ de Flore they take him, through a howling, fanatic crowd, composed, in great part, of pilgrims ; they have clad him in the sulphur-coloured garb of heresy, hideous with pictured devils and flames and crosses, but the dress cannot mar his grandeur of dignity as he walks calmly on, his eye bright, his forehead serene, his step firm and steady ; a priest pushes forward, and presses on him a crucifix, but Bruno will not touch it ; they bind him to the stake, and no word opens his lips ; the flames rise around him, but no cry escapes him : to the end he is as serene as though he felt no agony, and the last glimpse the crowd catches of his face ere the flame sears it, shows it calmly proud as ever ; and now the smoke and the fire surround him, and Giordano Bruno is gone for evermore. They scatter his ashes to the wind, and boast that nothing is left of Bruno save the remembrance of his execution, and they forbid any to read his books, and fondly dream that they have slain his memory. But now, in Rome, Bruno's memory lives, while that of his murderers only remains because their names are linked with his immortality, and on the base of the statue we are raising to him might fitly be engraven his own sublime words : 'To know how to die in one century is to live for all centuries to come.'"

Page 183. Those who have walked by the mountain route from Grenoble to the Grande Chartreuse will remember passing the little village of Le Sappey, with the adjacent mountain of Chamacaude, after some seven miles of their journey were accomplished.

Page 222. Fra Guittone d'Arezzo was one of the earliest Italian sonneteers, and flourished in the middle of the thirteenth century. The following is the text of his poem :

" Gia mille volte quando Amor m'hai stretto
 Io son corso per darmi ultima morte ;
 Non possendo restare al aspro e forte
 Empio Dolor ch'io sento dentro al petto.
 Voi veder lo potete, qual dispetto
 Ha lo mio cor, e quanto à crudel sorte
 Ratto, son corso già, sino alle parte
 Dell' aspra morte, per cercar diletto.

Ma quando io son per gire dall' altra vita
 Vostra immensa Pietà me tiene, e dice,
 ' Non affrettar l'immatura partita ;
 La verde Età, tua Fedelta, il disdice ;'
 E à restar di quà mi prega, e invita ;
 Si ch'io spera col tempo esser felice."

Page 223. This sonnet was attributed to Leonardo da Vinci in 1584 by Lomazzo, but it has since been attributed to various other authors, and Sig. G. Uzielli, in the journal "*Il Buonarroti*," published in Rome, has recently affirmed that it must have been written some fifty years before the date of Leonardo. If such be really the case, it would be interesting to know how the sonnet came to be attributed to the great painter. If Leonardo had been a poet it would not have been surprising that he should have been accredited with a composition that did not belong to him, but as he was not, Lomazzo must, one would imagine, have had some reason for believing that the sonnet was his work.

Page 226. This unique Latin sonnet by Hugo Hollandius is printed at the beginning of Thomas Farnabie's edition of the "*Tragedies of Seneca*," published at Leyden and London

in 1624. The following is an exact copy of the original :
 "Literatissimo, amicissimo, candidissimoque pectori, Thomae
 Farnabio, sonulum hendeca-syllabicum sacro."

"Vitae Scena magistra singularis,
 Scenae vita Tragaedus ; in tragaedis
 Lux primae Seneca est suprema sedis ;
 Quâ TV lux Senecae simul locaris.
 Das Stellis supereminere claris,
 Tanquam ardentibus undecunque tedis,
 Et mendis Tragici medere foedis ;
 Nostris unde nepotibus canaris,
 Lugdunum néq ; te modò Batavis,
 Londinumve suis legat Britannis,
 Urbem Aeternus utram tenere mavis ;
 Cunctis quin legitor locis & annis ;
 Nec linguis hominum ferire pravis,
 Et cedat tibi temporum tyrannis."

Hugo Hollandius.

Thomas Farnabie was born in London in 1575, and is said by Anthony à Wood to have been "the chief grammarian, rhetorician, poet, and latinist of his time." (Athen: Oxon:) He edited Juvenal, Persius, Seneca, Martial, Ovid, Terence, and Lucian,—the *stellae clarae* referred to in the fifth line of the sonnet. He also wrote the Latin poem in the volume of *in memoriam* verse published on the death of Edward King, in which Milton's "Lycidas" first appeared.

The sonnet was attributed to Hugo Grotius by M. Paul Gaudin in his volume entitled "Du Rondeau, du Triolet, du Sonnet" (Paris, 1870). The real author, however, appears to have been Hugh Holland, a native of Denbigh, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died in 1633, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was the author of various works, amongst which may be mentioned "Pancharis" (1603)

"Monumenta Sepulchralia Sancti Pauli" (1614), and "A Cypress Garland" (1625).

Page 227. These well-known lines by Catullus, of which we have here given a paraphrase, although written about the year 60 B.C., bear a singular resemblance to the form of the modern sonnet :

"Paeninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus ;
Quam te libenter quamque laetus in viso,

Vix mi ipse credens Thuniam atque Bithunos
Liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
O quid solutis est beatius curis ?

Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.

Salve O venusta Sirmio atque hero gaude ;
Gaudete vosque O Lydiae lacus undae ;
Ridete quicquid est domi cachinnorum."



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1

